The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & Co., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2545.

A REMINISCENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLA WHEELER.

There's something in the air to-night,
  There's something in the weather,
That brings a long dead past to-night,
  When you and I, together,

Were walking in the clover lane
  That bordered on the meadows;
The sun slipped down, and dreamt of rain,
  The hill-tops hid in shadows.

We saw the night-hawk slowly pass,
  And heard his wail of sorrow,
You said "There's no dew on the grass;
  I think 'twill rain to-morrow."

The black clouds rolled across the skies
  With mutterings of thunder.
I questioned, gazing in your eyes,
  "Where shall we be, I wonder,

"When twenty years have come and gone?"
  "I know not, but *together*,"
You answered, as we slowly on
  Went walking by the heather.

A score of years have drifted by,
  And "we are widely parted."
A richer lover wooed than I,
  And you were not true-hearted.

Your love was but a thing of earth,
  Won by the bright gold's glitter.
I do not mourn its shallow worth—
  Too tasteless to be bitter.

How I Found My Fate.

BY W. A. THOMPSON.

My husband wandered about the room, moving chairs out of right angles, pulling out curtain-folds, and making it homelike after a man's fashion, while I sat in an arm-chair, and hugged myself that the fates had made such a pet of me.

We were married yesterday at noon, and then had a "reception;" that is, all the neighbors for ten miles around who could lay hands upon a wedding garment came in in a promiscuous way, and made my hand lame with shaking it and my cheeks rough with kisses.

Then we travelled all night, and came into New York between daylight and dark, in the "owl train."

We went to the "Aladdin," where our rooms where engaged, and in two seconds the gaslight and the blazing coal fire brought back all the glow of romance of our condition that the chilly night ride had somewhat dissipated.

"New Yorkers ought to be a handsome set of people, they are so fond of lining their walls with mirrors and multiplying themselves all about the room," I said, for the sake of saying something, as I detected Sydney watching me in the opposite glass with a very lover-like expression.

"It was in a looking-glass that I first made your acquaintance, do you remember?"

I answered only with a look, which acted on him like a magnet, and when we had gone over that old story, it seemed so long ago, and so much had happened since, that we began to feel quite like old married people.

When we went to breakfast, I don't think even a waiter suspected us of being a bridal couple, unless we overdid it by being too indifferent.

There is no pleasanter touch in all the weddings to which Dickens has invited us than the little breakfast at Richmond with John and Bella Rokesmith, whose newly-married state could not be mistaken for a moment; yet they kept up vigorous allusions to former anniversaries of their wedding-day, till a sympathetic and fatuous young waiter placed before Bella a wilted spray of orange-blossoms in a wine-glass; that exploded the mystery.

On our way upstairs again we walked deliberately to the great mirror which made one end of the long hall, and looked at ourselves from head to foot, smiling at each other meantime in a way that would have convinced any intelligent witness of the proceeding that we were a couple of runaway idiots, whose friends ought to be notified at once.

Sydney has gone up town now to fetch his married sister to see me. I dread her coming very much, and instead of thinking about it, I mean to tell the story of that looking-glass. I suppose no woman ever had a great gift of fortune fall to her lot without thinking many times afterward (for woman's work usually leaves a wide margin for useless thinking) how small a pivot the whole matter turned on, and how easily a few words, or a few steps to the right or left, would have put it wholly out of her reach.

I am fully persuaded that if the furnisher of the "Aladdin" had put a painted panel or a carved hat-rack at the end of that long hall, instead of an enormous mirror, I should never have been Mrs. Sydney Van Hoeck; and this was how it all came about.

I rushed into our house one day last spring out of breath with running, and with one hand shut very tight, for into the glove on that hand I had tucked my fortune. Banditti are not numerous in the high latitudes of New Hampshire, but the trustees of Beacham Academy on that day had paid me my salary for a year's work as assistant teacher, and the responsibility of riches was heavy upon me.

My father is a well-to-do farmer, and liberal enough with his money in all things which tend to any practical use; but when I intimated to him that I must have ten dollars to buy a bonnet, or five for a bit of a collar which perhaps no mortal in Beacham would know from cotton lace unless they were told, he parted with the money so regretfully, that I have known a little corner of the bill to be pinched off before it reached me. I vexed his soul with hankerings after impossible luxuries, and took up school-teaching that I might have a little money to waste at my own sweet will.

I grew almost despondent, nevertheless, when I had laid the little pile of bills on the ironing-table, and began to realize the difficulty of getting out of them all their hidden possibilities of pleasure.

"It was a good notion," said my father, "to hold your hand till you could take it all at once. Women mostly take their wages by driblets, and never have nothin' ahead. Now, what do you mean to do with it?"

"I am open to advice, but I don't promise to follow it."

"I say, put it in the bank. I'll take it over the next time I go to Burlington."

"No indeed: I should never see it again. I would sooner paste the bills into my scrap-book."

"You'd better save it for a rainy day," said Aunt Rebecca; "you never know when it's coming."

"I don't *want* to know when it's coming; there's always time to borrow an umbrella when it does come."

"If I were you," said Aunt Floranthe, who long ago absorbed all the sentiment of the family, "I would buy a lot of linen and damask, and have a handsome fit-out all ready to put into your own house when you have one."

"I must see the 'man of the house' first, auntie," I said; and I am glad I had the grace not to say a word about that great chestful of housewifery treasures which Aunt Floranthe had made in her youth. They were going to decay, and she had found no use for them. My precious money should never be wasted in that way.

Later in the day, when no one was near, my mother whispered in my ear,

"You might buy some books and a picture or two, but you need not say you did it by my advice."

"So I might. I'll sleep upon it."

My school-work had been sheer drudgery, and I did not mean to go back to it. The books and pictures would be lovely, yet not wasteful enough. I wanted no reminder of my bondage.

When I went down next morning I found Miss Janet Perkins in the kitchen.

"Oh, Mari-an," she began (my name is Marian, but Miss Janet always accents it on the last syllable), "I'm in a peck of trouble. I've got that dressmaker from Burlington, and she can't stay but one day no how, because there's so many folks without a dress to their backs waitin' for her; so I've come over to borrow you to help her to sew, 'cause you've got such a knack in your fingers; and if you'll come right away, maybe she can get all the fittin' done to-day, so I can do the rest myself. And if you can't, or don't want to, say so;" and Miss Janet reined up her long sentence with a jerk.

"Yes, I'll go this minute; but what can you do with so many new dresses?"

The etiquette of our village does not forbid leading questions.

"Ain't a-goin' to be married, I suppose?" said Aunt Floranthe.

"Not if I know it. The fact is, hain't never been out of sight of my own chimney smoke, and I don't feel like going into another world without having a pretty good notion of this one. I've got some business in New York, and I reckon there ain't no likelier place to see folks and buildin's. I may come home next day, and I may stay a week or so; can't tell till I get there. I don't want to be hooted at in the street as if I'd stepped out of Noah's ark and been travelin' ever since; so I've got some new gowns, and a woman that knows what's what to fit 'em. You needn't all look so struck up, as if the meetin'-house was going to take a walk. I never played any when I was young, so I have to do it when I am old. I s'pose you think I'm an old fool, but I know you won't say so to my face if I set here till sunset. Come, Mari-an, don't prink any more."

The peculiarity of Miss Janet's conversation was, that nobody could get in a word edgewise till she stopped to request it.

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Floranthe when we were fairly outside the door. "It's enough to make Uncle Kiah come out of his grave to see the way she makes his money fly."

"Didn't I help earn the money?" retorted Miss Janet, putting her head in at the open window. "Didn't I raise more'n a thousand hens, and every one of 'em needed more tendin' than a baby? What with warm dough, and boilin' potatoes, and poundin' up plastering, and their always wantin' to set when there wa'n't no reason in it, I didn't have any peace of my life, to say nothin' of hatchin' out chickens in the oven, when the hens thought it wa'n't worth while to set any longer just for one more."

"It's all true, Miss Janet; you've made more money than any other woman in town," said my mother; and Miss Janet's ruffled feathers were so smoothed down by this concession that she suffered herself to go on with me to her little gambrel roofed house, as weather-beaten and stubborn a fact in the landscape as Miss Janet herself.

I sewed with might and main, and all was done that two pairs of hands could compass in a day. When the dressmaker had departed, to the relief of the many "without a dress to their backs," Miss Janet fastened all the doors and windows, turned the lamp down to the sepulchral point and came close to me.

"Now, Mari-an, I'm a-goin' to tell you somethin'. I s'pose it don't make a straw's difference to you whether I like you or don't like you (it's only old folks that knows that a good, strong liking ain't to be had for the askin'), but you are just such a gal as I should have picked out for a daughter if I'd got married and there was such a thing as pickin' and choosin' in the matter of children. I did have a sort of a kind of a leanin' to your father when we was both young folks (I never thought I should have told anybody of it), but he never showed no sort of a leanin' toward me; and maybe it's just as well, for I never could have stood Rebecca and Floranthe peckin' at me all my days, as your mother has. She don't dare to say her soul's her own. I do think two old maids in a house are more than one woman's allowance."

Miss Janet paused for breath, and I seized my opportunity to say it was late for me to go home alone.

"'Sakes alive! so 'tis; but you see I get so full of talk when I'm here alone (for hens ain't no company) that when I do get a crack at anybody, it all comes out at once. I'll walk up with you myself (I'm good as a man any day), and say what I had on my mind before 'em all."

They were all sitting up for me.

"Miss Janet is going to make a speech to us all," said I.

"That'll be something new," said Aunt Floranthe, between whom and Miss Janet there had been chronic warfare longer than I could remember.

"I don't come here to keep honest folks out of bed for nothin'; and it ain't none of your children, Floranthe, that I'm goin' to talk about, though no doubt they'd had been perfect if you'd ever had any. It's just this: David Gay, I want to take Mari-an to New York with me. If you've got anything to say against it, let's hear it;" and having delivered her challenge, Miss Janet folded her arms and compressed herself to listen.

"It would take a great piece of money."

"That's my lookout."

"No," said my father after a pause, "I don't want to be under obligations to nobody. I'd let her go and pay the bill myself, if there was any u e in it, but I've made up my mind there ain't."

"'Twon't hurt your mind to take it to pieces again; and you needn't talk about obligation. I'm goin' to take her to be useful to me—to look up street while I look down when we're crossin' it; and if hotel-cookin' should send me into a fit in the night, I want her there to bring me to; and, if she couldn't do that, to see that I wasn't buried among a set of folks that I never spoke to in my life."

"It's an obligation, all the same, and we should never be sure when we had made it up to you. She's got foolish notions enough in her head now, readin' that yellow-covered stuff every month." This was my father's disrespectful way of speaking of the pale-ale color of the Atlantic and the creamy tint of Harper's Magazine, which my mother subscribed for out of a bit of a dividend that was all her own.

"Have your own way, and live the longer," said Miss Janet; "but you've refused a good offer, which is more than Floranthe ever did."

"Oh, Miss Janet, would a hundred dollars pay my share of the journey?" I cried out with a sudden thought of my unused capital up stairs.

"To be sure, if you didn't stay too long; but where's it to come from?"

"I've got it under my pillow, and that's the way I'll spend it."

"And save the other fifty?" said my father.

"Oh, no; I shall want that for a new dress to take with me."

"You sha'n't be a bit poorer for pleasin' an old woman," Miss Janet said, and departed in triumph.

I think my father was glad in his heart to gratify her without giving up his own will; he had such a horror of indebtedness that I think he would gladly have paid for the air he breathed. It was a great relief to have settled upon a sufficiently wasteful way of spending my fortune.

I selected black silk for my new dress, because that comes nearest to making a woman invisible. It is said that even at Newport there is a black-silk phalanx among the ladies which safely defies the evil eye of criticism. The dress was made with a train, the rustling of which made music in my ears. Not so the elders when I tried it on for their benefit: they looked upon it with open scorn.

"I s'pose your new dresses are made that way too?" said Aunt Floranthe to Miss Janet, with a fearful depth of sarcasm.

"Not a bit of it. I should feel like a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail if I had to drag all that cloth after me. My gowns always *have* cleared the ground and always will, and folks have begun to come round to my fashion, as I knew they would if I waited long enough."

I encroached on my hundred dollars to buy a white piqué for morning, and at the eleventh hour Miss Janet gave me a lovely brown suit, matched throughout, from the gauntlet gloves to the brown bird with a scarlet crest on its head, which looked as if it had just lighted on the hat to rest its wings. I actually cried for joy when I saw it, and left my father to think what he liked of the capabilities of fifty dollars.

Miss Janet suggested that two or three old dresses should be rejuvenated for the occasion, which was done accordingly, in spite of various asides that we were making great preparation for so short an absence.

"Short! I don't know about that. We may sprain an ankle apiece and have to stay three months. There ain't a live critter left on my place, not even a hen: a lame bantam was the last, and she didn't earn her board, so I gave her away yesterday. I can stay as long as I live if the notion takes me," said Miss Janet.

Aunt Rebecca regarded me as an Israelite going into Babylonish captivity, and gave me much good advice on my last evening at home:

"Now don't pick up anything in the street, no matter if it's a diamond ring, for fear some dreadful creetur has worn it; and if anybody holds out a paper to you, don't take it: it might be a tract, and make a Roman Catholic of you. And, above all things, don't have anything to say to strange men, for the heart of man in the city, and everywhere else, for the matter of that, is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

I gave her my promise, like the Jesuits, "with a mental reservation."

Aunt Floranthe had a more favorable opinion of men: she was a woman of one book, and that one, Sir Charles Grandison. At the last moment she called me into her bed-room and drew a vivid comparison between the perils of matrimony encountered by Harriet Byron on her visit to London and those which I might look for in New York.

"Do you suppose, auntie," I asked with wicked levity, "that a row of fine young men will be waiting for me at the cars, and running after me all the time to offer themselves?"

"I hope it won't be so bad as that," said Aunt Floranthe, seriously; "but don't you know how hard the New York girls are spoken of in the papers? Nobody wants to marry them because they paint their cheeks and are so extravagant. I guess they will know a nice modest girl, with a pious bringing-up, when they see one."

"I hope so, I am sure."

"And, Marian," she went on in a whisper, lest a bird of the air should carry it to her sister's ears, "if you should see anybody anyways like Sir Charles who seems to like you, don't be too stiff with him, but kind o' go half way to meet him; and if it comes out right, I'll give you all my sheets and pillow-cases. I do wish I could be there to advise you."

I put up a mental thanksgiving that she could not, but I must confess that I pondered her advice in my heart most of the night, without a thought for Aunt Rebecca's wisdom.

Miss Janet travelled as heartily as she did everything else, and criticised the passengers and the scenery with equal freedom.

"Verily, the Philistines be upon us!" she said as a dozen or more hackmen attacked her right and left; but she charged in among them valiantly, selected the least vociferous one, and scattered the rest like chaff before the wind.

Even the splendors of that noble caravanserai, the "Aladdin," did not abash her spirit in the least.

"Are you the head man here?" she said, marching up to the desk, with me following in her wake.

"I represent him, madam," said the gentlemanly clerk.

"Well, I've just come from most the highest place in New Hampshire, and I've heard you keep your attics for countryfolks: now I live in a one-story house when I'm at home, and have the rheumatis besides, and I can't go up more'n three pair of stairs. If you've got a room no higher than that, say so: if not, I'll look farther."

I know not if this address made any difference, but we were at once furnished with a pleasant room within Miss Janet's limits.

Her ideas must have been made on a large scale to begin with, for all the little economies of her life had not narrowed them. She viewed the gay upholstery and herself in the long mirrors with a complacent yet critical eye.

"It hain't got but one fault, as I see," was her conclusion: "it's too high-studded for comfort."

The first morning we took an early breakfast, and found no one in the dining-room but a few business men. Afterward, Miss Janet insisted on waiting till eight o'clock, though it broke the habit of a lifetime.

"We've come to see the folly of it, and we'll see it. When you're in Turkey you must gobble."

The magnificence of the dining-room at the "Aladdin," which seems to frown on any food less refined than nightingales' tongues and peacocks' combs, at first took away my appetite, but I soon recovered it. In time I got over the idea that everybody was looking at me, and dared to take notes for myself. Miss Janet's notes were always audible to the half-dozen people who frequented the same small table with us.

Two young men always sat opposite to us at breakfast, and I could not help smiling back sometimes to the merriment which danced in the eyes of one of them when Miss Janet was more than commonly graphic. Those eyes were the only fine features about him: he was decidedly homely, in the Yankee sense of the word; but his eyes lighted up his face, just as the flower which he sometimes wore in his buttonhole brightened the rest of his dress. I wondered if he dared to be sentimental enough to wear it to his business.

"That old woman is as good as a play," I heard him say once as we were close behind him in the hall. "I wonder how she is related to that little rosebud of a girl that sticks so close to her?"

THE CHINESE RICE-PAPER PLANT.

[The figure represents the method of preparing the paper. See article on 4th page.]

"Mother, perhaps," said his companion.

"Can't be. Didn't you hear her say this morning she thanked her stars that she was never in bondage to any man?" And then they were out of hearing.

If Miss Janet had heard it too, she made no sign. It was very pleasant—the "rose-bud of a girl." I thought of it often through the day. Miss Janet was punctual as a town clock; it would have been safe to set your watch by her any time; and we had nearly reached the dining-room door next morning when she stopped and began to search herself in a distracted way.

"There! I've certainly left my glasses up-stairs. I'll leave 'em to you in my will, if you'll run up and get 'em for me. There's some stairs at the end of this hall that'll take you there quicker: I was prowlin' round last night, and found 'em."

I was rushing quickly through the hall to which Miss Janet had pointed, when I saw a young girl coming fast toward me, dressed in white, like myself, and with a strangely familiar face. I went to one side to pass her: she turned the same way, and I brought up hard against the great mirror which formed one end of the hall. For the fraction of an instant I saw myself, and was bitterly disappointed. Could it be that I was no prettier than that? The shock was severe enough to bring tears to my eyes.

"Are you hurt?" said a voice beside me, and I looked again into the pleasant eyes of my neighbor across the table. It was the one who had called me "a rosebud of a girl."

"No, I am not hurt."

"What is it, then?"

"I was only disappointed a little."

"Disappointed! What do you mean?"

Then I realized the absurdity of having committed myself to a stranger, but being in for it, there was nothing left but to explain:

"I mean that I saw myself as others see me, and was the least bit disappointed that I did not look better."

"What a vain little girl you must have been!" and he went on his way, repeating, in a low tone, but I caught it—

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!
'Twould from many a whimsy free us,
And foolish notion."

I thought, how could anything have been more unlucky than my foolish confession! but before I found the glasses I had strained a drop of comfort out of his reply.

I persuaded Miss Janet to wait in the parlor till he should have left the dining-room; and when we went to the table at last a splendid white flower, the like of which had never blessed my sight before, lay beside my plate. Miss Janet took no notice, and I carried it away with me.

In the evening we caught a rumor of a banquet to be given in honor of a scientific man who had just made the world ring with a great success: we joined ourselves to the crowd in the parlors, who were lounging about if peradventure they might catch "some collateral sweets" and "sidelong odors" from the feast.

"Miss Perkins," said the hotel clerk, suddenly appearing at her elbow, "one of your neighbors at table wishes to be introduced to you and Miss Gay. Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Van Hoeck."

And my bright-eyed friend sat down beside Miss Janet and made talk with her, till I could look at him without blushing at the thought of my morning trouble.

"I suppose you're a Dutchman," said Miss Janet, breaking a pause.

"I beg you won't suppose anything of the sort. My family have been born in this country since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Miss Gay, the ladies are beginning to come to the banquet (at least to the after-clap, for they are not admitted till after the dinner.) Will you walk in the hall with me and see them come out of their dressing-rooms?"

I went gladly—but when I was leaning on his arm I had nothing to say for myself. I had thought when I went about with the young farmers at home, and was so tired of their talk about their breed of sheep and their "medder-land," that I should be perfectly at ease with such young men as were described in my favorite stories—city-bred, cultivated and well-mannered—yet here was their very model, and I was dumb: it was my second disappointment in that day.

"Oh, don't go there!" I entreated, as he turned into the hall where was the great mirror. "I was so silly this morning."

"Not at all. I suppose every woman thinks herself prettier than she really is—it's a part of her happiness—but not one in a thousand would have acknowledged her mistake as you did. I haven't deliberately gone about the world with Diogenes' lantern looking for an honest woman, but I was very glad to find one, nevertheless."

This was pleasant, but oppressive.

"I wish I knew the names of some of those ladies," I said: "they look so lovely they ought to be famous."

Just then an exquisite robe of white satin covered with lace and rosebuds flitted across the hall: it was so perfect that I forgot to look at the face that crowned it.

"I am glad to be able to gratify you in one or two instances," said Mr. Van Hoeck. "That one in white was Miss Caroline Pettitoes. She knows all that is worth knowing in the art of dress." [illegible]

The name was familiar. All at once I remembered the *Potiphar Papers*, and realized that my new friend was quietly amusing himself at my expense.

"I did not see her face," I said: "is she pretty?"

"Perfect as a wax figure. Now look at this one in black lace and corals: it is Ethel Newcome, who scorns all these airy nothings, but comes, nevertheless."

Then a great wave of bright colors and gleaming shoulders swept across the hall into the ante-room: the doors were shut, and the performance was over for us.

"I am sorry not to have seen Polly Potiphar and Miss Pendennis: they are great friends of mine," I said. "Miss Janet is looking for me: I must leave you now." I would not look at him, and gathered nothing from his quiet "good-evening."

"There's no nonsense about that young man," said Miss Janet: "he treads right up to the dough-dish and gets introduced to me first, instead of winking and blinkin' at you behind my back."

Meeting us in the hall next morning, he made particular inquiries for Miss Janet's health, and gave me a snowy camellia in a nest of rosebuds, saying, under his breath,

"A peace-offering."

In hotel-life a mere bud of acquaintance soon blossoms into intimacy. In the most natural way in the world I was sure to see Mr. Van Hoeck two or three times a day, and a week made us old friends.

Miss Janet was an omnivorous reader; there was not a book in Beacham that she had not read again and again; and when Mr. Van Hoeck introduced her to a circulating library, she browsed on it all day and every day, and brought home a book for the evening. I began to see New York through his eyes; and it might as well have been London or Paris, for all the resemblance it bore to the city of which I had caught glimpses from under Miss Janet's wing. She kept us always in sight for a time, but after trying Mr. Van Hoeck with many test questions, and springing various original traps upon him, from which he came out scatheless, she suffered me to go about under his sole care.

"You don't wan't an old dragon like me always taggin' after you," she said, one day; "but see here, boy: I want you to remember there's some old folks up in Beacham that set their eyes by that gal, and you must be sure to keep hold of her when you are crossin' the street."

Mr. Van Hoeck gave his promise, and kept it to the letter.

His manner to me was so winning, that I soon told him all about the farm and my maiden aunts—even about my school-fortune, and how I was spending it—everything that there was to tell about myself; yet he gave me no grain of his own confidence in return for mine.

Only once, in a quiet avenue, he bade me walk more slowly, and I saw him mount the steps and let himself into a stately house: he came out presently with a few of those strange flowers which had puzzled me before.

"Now confess," he said, that you are dying to know how I came by them."

"I plead guilty."

"It is my sister's house, left in a servant's care while she is away. I have a key, and sleep there nearly every night."

And this was literally all I knew of him. I sat in the parlor one evening in the early twilight, reading the last pages of one of his books, and listening for his step in the hall, when a girlish apparition suddenly entered the room and pulled the bell-cord impatiently: then with a little whirl she sat down on a sofa. When the waiter appeared, she said, with that supercilious air which can be attained only by severe practice,

"If Mr. Sydney Van Hoeck has come in, tell him a lady wishes to see him at once."

The name startled me a little, and perhaps she perceived it, for she glanced at me carelessly and coldly, then more intently, till her look hardened into a fixed stare. Her face was wonderfully pretty, and her whole attire so perfect, with a certain Frenchiness about it not to be described, but sure to be felt by all womankind, that I felt myself at once the most unmitigated dowdy that ever left her native hills.

I would not stay to witness her meeting with Mr. Van Hoeck: the dreadful difference between us would dawn upon him if he should see us together. In avoiding Scylla of course I fell into Charybdis.

"What are you running away for?" said my friend, meeting me just at the door. "I thought it was you who sent for me."

"You know better. I would not send for you if I never saw you again."

"Are you not coming down again?"

"Not to-night."

Then I left him and my delusion behind me. In the instant when that dreadful young woman asked for Mr. Van Hoeck the veil of friendship which had hid my regard for him was rent in twain, and I realized that he was my "man of men." My heart sank lower and lower, till I seemed to be dragging an actual weight up the stairs like a convict. I had no reason to hope that he regarded me in any other light than as a little country girl who amused him. There seemed to be nothing left but to go home and fight it out alone.

"Miss Janet," said I, "we have been here nearly three weeks: my fortune must be nearly spent."

"What's a week to a settin' hen?" said Miss Janet. "I ain't near ready to go home yet, and you've got money enough for a week or two more. They take off a lot from the regular price when you stay a good while."

"Do they?" I said, listlessly.

"To be sure, or they will when I've argued it with 'em; but what's come over you? If that Dutchman has said anything to you that you don't like, I'll go down and give him a piece of my mind that'll last him the rest of his life."

"No, no: he hasn't said a word."

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it? Well, 'tain't time. Just you keep a stiff upper lip and wait. Men are as contrary as hens: you never know when they'll fly in your face."

This was so unbearable that I laid my head on her shoulder and told her all my trouble, which did seem to grow less bitter when I put it into words.

"She stared at me, that pretty Gorgon down stairs, as if she read all my liking for Mr. Van Hoeck in my face," said I, wetting Miss Janet's best collar through and through with tears.

"I always heard it took two to make a stare," said Miss Janet, meditatively.

Then she stroked my hair a long time with her horny hand, and at last she spoke her mind:

"If you go home now, you'll be an old maid as sure as a gun, because you'll waste all your young years gettin' over this. There's a good many kinds of old maids—doleful ones, like your aunt Rebecca: her harp's been on the willow for years and years—and there's sentimental ones, like Floranthe, that can't think of 'nothin' but marryin' and givin' in marriage, so that I wonder what they'll have to talk about when they get to heaven, where there ain't no such thing. Then there's the stiff, independent kind, like me, that everybody gives a wide berth to. I don't think you are cut out to be an ornament to either of them classes. It don't follow because you can see into your own heart that there's a winder in it for anybody else to look through. If you're happy with him, and can have a fortnight more of it, it's so much clear gain: you won't have no heavier load to take home with you than now. And you won't be sorry for it when you're old, and all the rough places in your life get kind o' moss-covered with much thinkin' about 'em. After all, a good sharp agony is better than an emptiness, you may take my word for it."

I did take Miss Janet's word for it, and was comforted.

I meant to say no word to Mr. Van Hoeck concerning his visitor, but he began it:

"Did you see my cousin last night?"

"I suppose so."

"And she saw you: indeed I think she came chiefly for that. She recognized us in the avenue that day, and she has always looked upon me as her especial property."

"Then you must some time have given her the title-deeds," said I, half questioning him; but he immediately became silent and grave, and could not be induced to mention her afterward.

My last fortnight was undeniably happy: I owned it to Miss Janet on our last evening, just before Mr. Van Hoeck found us in one of those little parlors which make the "Aladdin" so homelike in spite of its immensity.

"I wish I could take you somewhere for a last look at New York," he said. "Can you think of any place?"

"I should like to walk up Broadway, in the brightest part, once more," said I, "for I may never see it again."

"'Never' is a dreadful long word," said Miss Janet.

"We will go this minute," said Mr. Van Hoeck.

"Do you remember," he said when we were walking slowly up the street, "how Traddles and 'the dearest girl' used to walk out in the London gaslight, and select in the shop-windows what they would give each other if they were rich enough? I am not very rich, but I want to give something to another dearest girl if she will take it. It is only for remembrance," he went on, as he slipped a ring on one of the fingers that lay within his arm. "I am bound by a single thread from asking you for all that woman can give. If I can snap that thread, I will come to you at midsummer, but I may find it a rope that I cannot break without dishonor, and then we must both forget this pleasant month as soon as may be."

"There are things that will not let themselves be forgotten," I said after awhile; "but it is joy enough for me to know that you will wish to come to me."

"My little wild rose," he said in the shadow of the doorway, "are you sure that thought would be joy *enough*? Would you never care for more?"

He drew me close to him for an instant, and then put me away suddenly, and we went up stairs to find Miss Janet as if nothing had happened.

When I could look at my hand I saw the small and brilliant diamond which I had often noticed on his own finger. Miss Janet saw it at once, but said not a word, which would seem to prove that she was either more or less than a woman.

I was in a sort of glorified state, neither in nor out of the body, on the journey, till just at dusk we jolted over the Hill Difficulty into Beacham.

"There'll be sure to be some news," said Miss Janet: "a kettle never biles till you take your eye off of it, and nothing ever happens till you go away for a week, and then some old critter will come to a realizin' sense that he's lived long enough; and when you come home, you'll find an empty place in the meetin'-house."

"Anybody dead or married?" she asked after the first buzz of welcome.

"Not exactly—only Deacon Robbins is courtin' Floranthe," said Aunt Rebecca.

"While there's life there's hope," said Miss Janet, with uplifted hands.

"Did you get your money's worth?" said my father to me.

"I don't know yet."

"When will you know, then?"

"When the dividends begin to come in, to be sure," said Miss Janet, coming to the rescue promptly.

The first one came two or three weeks later, in the shape of a beautiful little picture, with the name of a well-known artist in the corner. A young girl leans on the fence in a mossy old orchard in a listening attitude, while out of her sight, yet hastening towards her, rides the lover. The one word "Waiting" was printed on the frame. It kept my heart up wonderfully.

When midsummer began, I trampled upon all the New England proprieties by wearing my best dresses and my freshest ribbons every day, and verily I had my reward.

I ran down one evening to see Miss Janet, and, seated at her tea-table as naturally as if he had eaten his first bread and milk there, was Mr. Van Hoeck. We took a little walk through the orchard by-and-by, and he never asked any question at all that I remember, but just took things for granted, in the masterful way which some men are born with.

But I "speered at" him after this wise: "You mentioned a certain 'thread' once upon a time: did that beautiful cousin of yours hold the other end of it?"

"Yes, if you will have it. We were boy and girl lovers, but we soon quarreled. She became secretly engaged to an intimate friend of mine—a fact which I constantly suspected, but could never verify. When she heard of you, she threatened to hold me strictly to my old promise."

With great difficulty I impressed upon him the necessity of keeping early hours in the country, in spite of the bewitching moonlight in Miss Janet's orchard.

"It seems to me," he said when I had given him just five minutes more to make his adieu, "that my wild rose has put on a thorn or two. You are a shade less meek than when I first knew you."

"My foot is on 'my native heather' now."

"I see, and my safety lies in transplanting you to mine as soon as may be."

And this was how it was settled after a solemn interview with my father in the best room with closed doors. He was to come to Beacham once more in the fall—only once more—and then on the first day of the New Year I was to be ready to go back with him to the "Aladdin," to spend the first few months of our married life.

This poor clerk, as I had fondly supposed him, was only so by his own choice: he preferred to rise through all grades of mercantile life to a partnership with "Van Hoeck & Sons," rather than to take that position as a gift from his father.

Aunt Floranthe revoked her promise as to the linen chest, as her wedding came before mine.

Of all the last words that followed me out of my old home, I shall remember Miss Janet's longest:

"You're eatin' the frostin' of your cake now, Mari-an, and I hope you'll never find nothin' but cake underneath. Sydney will think for a while that the ground ain't good enough for you to walk on, but don't *you* never fall into that notion, nor take on when he begins to treat you like other folks. I never had a husband myself, but I take it the real comfort don't begin till a man gets over worshippin', and begins to like you for what you really are."

Miss Janet insists that she made our match for us, but I think it was the looking-glass, after all.

I hear my husband's step in the hall, and a silken rustle that makes me quake, but since Sydney has taken me for better or worse, his sister must do so too.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $75. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

CUMULATIVE OR FREE VOTING.

Probably many of our readers have noticed that a trial of the new system of Cumulative voting, is being made in the thriving little town of Bloomsburg, in Columbia county, in this state.

The reasons for a change in our present system of voting, are the following:

In the first place, as every thoughtful man should know, the terms "popular government," and "government of the people," have no existing fact with which they correspond. There is no government of any else, if any government at all, on the face of the earth, in which the people, as a whole, rule. Every government is a class government—the ruling class being small or large in proportion as the Aristocratic element prevails in the government. The ruling class in the United States, with certain exceptions and limitations provided for in the Federal Constitution, is a Majority of the male citizens over twenty-one years of age. Considered in its most Democratic aspect, this government, especially the government of the States, is not a government of the People, but a government of the Majority of the Men.

Now even if it were a government of the Majority of the whole People—Men, Women and Children, of native and foreign birth—it still would not be a government of the whole People. For the Minority would be constantly governed as they did not wish to be governed—made to do things which they did not wish to do—their money taken for measures which they thought unwise and inexpedient, and perhaps wrong—and even forced to contribute of their means, and perhaps in their persons, to carry on wars which they conscientiously believed to be unnecessary and wicked. And it makes no difference to a man thus compelled to do what he thinks wrong, whether the compelling force in the government be a small class, or a large class, a Minority or a Majority. The hardship is the same in both cases.

And it is for this reason that Constitutions are made. Constitutions are simply the compacts which limit the exercise of the power of the controlling element in the government—be that element a Majority or an influential Minority—so that it shall not encroach upon the rights of the weaker elements, beyond a certain limit, mutually agreed upon. For a Majority have no natural, undeniable right to do as they please with themselves and the Minority too. Because a nation has a right to govern itself, it does not follow that a Majority of the Nation not only have a right to govern themselves, but to force the Minority also to do precisely what they, the Majority, please. This would be to annihilate the rights and liberties of the Minority.

We dwell somewhat upon this point, because a great many people now-a-days, seem to consider that it is only Majorities which have rights—and that Minorities have no rights that Majorities are bound to respect. But the Revolution of 1776 was founded upon this very principle of the Rights of a Minority. No doubt an overwhelming majority of the subjects of the British Empire were opposed to the view taken by our fathers, and held that the English Parliament had a perfect right to impose taxes upon the colonies. But our fathers held that the majority in Parliament were overstepping the Constitutional limit, and invading the sacred privileges which the colonies possessed—and therefore they rebelled against the great Majority as represented in the English government.

Mr. Lincoln, in his first Inaugural Address, stated this matter very clearly as follows:—

"If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written Constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution; *it certainly would if such a right were a vital one.*"

The reason is evident. A Majority have no greater *natural* right to make the Minority do as they, the said Majority, please, than a Minority have to rule the Majority. It is a mere matter of compact and agreement. If a nation agrees to the rule of a smaller Class than a Majority of its adult Males, as has generally been the case in the history of the world, with the idea that it is better to be ruled by a comparatively small class of able and cultivated men, than by the mere rude weight of numbers, such a government is reared upon exactly the same basis, the Consent of the Governed, that our own government is reared upon. And in all these cases, there are always either written Constitutions, or written and unwritten codes in the shape of old laws, precedents and customs, which define the limits within which the ruling power must keep itself, to govern constitutionally and legally. If it strays too far beyond these limits, be it a majority or a minority, it releases its subjects or citizens from the duty of allegiance.

Mr. Lincoln's argument, relative to the late Southern Rebellion, was not that the Minority were bound to submit to everything that a Majority might please to do—but that the Majority had *not* overstepped the prescribed bounds of the Constitutional Compact, and therefore that rebellion was not justifiable.

But to return to the more immediate subject before us.

Seeing the tendency in Republican governments continually to magnify the rights of Majorities at the expense of Minorities—which is the natural disease of all governments in which Majorities rule—it has occured to many politicians, especially in England, that it would be a good thing to provide for a full and fair representation of Minorities in all legislative assemblies.

Under the present mode of voting, a political party may have a very small majority in the popular vote, and may yet have a majority of two to one in the legislative bodies. Now it is contended that this is unfair to the Minority—which will be sometimes of one party, and sometimes of the other. And that some plan ought to be devised, by which the representatives should be in proportion to the voters. So that if nine representatives were to be elected, and there should be five thousand votes on the one side, and four thousand on the other, that the five thousand, instead of having the whole nine representatives, should have only their fair proportion five, while the minority should have the other four.

To attain this, several plans have been suggested. The plan recently tried in Bloomsburg, to authorize a trial of which a local act was passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, was simply this:—A town Council of a President and Six members was to be chosen. Every voter was vested as usual with the privilege of giving six votes for the Councilmen, but also with the unusual privilege of giving them all for one candidate, or distributing them among several candidates, if he thought best. The Act says:—"When six persons are to be chosen, each voter may give one to each of six persons, or one vote and a half to each of four, two votes to each of three, three votes to each of two, or six votes to one." The practical working of the new plan was as follows.

Bloomsburg has a Democratic majority. It is the residence of Ex-Senator Buckalew, who takes—to his credit be it said—a great deal of interest in this subject. The Democrats nominated a candidate for President of the Council, and *three* candidates for the Council—their plan being to elect the President, throw six votes each for their three Councilmen (2 votes to a candidate), and allow the other side to have the other three members. The opposition nominated a mixed or Citizen's ticket. The total number of votes cast was a little over four hundred, though the voting strength of the town is all is six hundred and fifty, and the polls stood:

For President of the Council:	
Elias Mendenhall (Opp. Dem.)	213
Robert F. Clark (Dem.)	202
Majority	11
For Councilmen:	
1. Charles G. Barkley (Opp. Dem.)	220
2. William B. Koons (Dem.)	202½
3. Joseph Sharpless (Opp. Rad.)	210
4. Caleb Barton (Opp. Rad.)	204
5. Frederick C. Eyer (Dem.)	202½
6. Stephen Knorr (Dem.)	197
7. S. C. Shive (Opp. Dem.)	200½
8. Scattering	35½
Total votes	2,154
Total voters	422

The result thus was the election of an Opposition Democrat for President, and of three regular Democrats, one Opposition Democrat, and two Radicals for Councilmen. We doubt that the result came out exactly as Mr. Buckalew and the regular Democrats wished—but we should not be surprised if it proved to be a very good Council.

We confess to a little doubt on our own part, as to whether the best plan of obtaining

the desired result has yet been proposed. The working of the Bloomsburg plan as above, seems to us somewhat uncertain and awkward. And yet we think the citizens of Bloomsburg deserve great credit for trying the experiment; and we rejoice in this proof that those deep and calm thinkers who understand more fully and profoundly than any others the true nature and character of our government, have their minds steadily set, in this day of narrow and shallow catchwords, upon working out to a satisfactory conclusion the great political problems of the time.

Of course, even after the People—not only a Majority, but the Minority also—are fairly represented, the Majority still will be prone to rule too absolutely, within the sacred limits of the Federal and State Constitutions. Still, just as the courtiers cry in a Monarchy, the King can do no wrong, will the demagogues cry in the Republic, the Majority can do no wrong! But if all can once be fairly represented, the dangers of arbitrary and despotic action will be measurably lessened. And, for the further security of the true balance and harmony of our system, we must depend upon strengthening, not levelling, all those bulwarks which protect the rights and privileges of Minorities and of the smaller States, and on the cultivation of a political philosophy, which shall be wide, deep, and many-sided, at the same time that it is truly liberal and Republican.

ABUSIVE LAWYERS.

Mr. Charles S. Spencer, the New York lawyer who, in defending McFarland, made such gross and unwarrantable charges against Mrs. Runkle, (formerly Mrs. Calhoun), denouncing her as a "plotter, conspirator, panderer, and procuress," has written a letter justifying his course, but also saying that of the "personal purity of character of Mrs. Runkle" he "has not the shadow of a doubt." As this letter displeased his colleagues, Mr. Spencer has withdrawn from his position as one of McFarland's counsel.

In our opinion, lawyers are often greatly to blame for the license they allow their tongues in the Courts; and Judges more to blame for tolerating such license of speech—or, rather, of abuse.

If this thing is not checked, there will be a good deal of justifiable insanity one of these days—for there seems to be no legal way of obtaining satisfaction in such cases.

MINORITY REPRESENTATION.

Another plan of securing a representation to the Minority, is that provided for in New York, in the election of the Court of Appeals. The new Judiciary Section of the Constitution of that State provides, that the court shall consist of a chief justice and six associate justices; but that each voter shall cast his ballot only for the Chief Justice and four of the associate justices. The political party which casts the greatest number of votes, therefore, will elect five judges, including the president of the court, and the other party will elect two judges. Should any political question come before the court, therefore, it will come before a court divided in its political opinions.

It seems to us at first sight that this plan is better than the Cumulative plan, recently tried at Bloomsburg.

A SENSIBLE RESOLUTION.—The New York lady's association, called Sorosis (query, *sow roses?*), has passed the following resolutions:—

Whereas, A great outcry has been raised respecting the revival of long dresses for the street, and whereas Sorosis has been requested to come to the rescue: therefore

Resolved, That so long as short dresses only are seen upon the street, and in every outfitting establishment in the city, for street wear, we see less danger to our convenient promenade toilette from the activity of its enemies than the zeal of its friends.

Resolved, That if an effort should be made to revive the dirty and disgusting fashion of trailing skirts in the street, that the universal voice of American women should utter a protest that would be heard throughout this country and Europe, and prove that whoever may choose to follow the senseless lead of a court or a coterie, American women can think and act for themselves.

Well, an effort, we are sorry to say, is being made to revive the long street dresses, and several recently have been seen on Chestnut street. Now let "the universal voice of all (sensible) American women utter a protest"—or, which is better, let the universal *practice* of all sensible American women put a veto on the dirty and disgusting fashion, so far as America is concerned.

THE SAD ACCIDENT AT RICHMOND.—The sad tidings of the accident at Richmond, Virginia, have caused a thrill of grief in all portions of the Union. To the criminal carelessness of architects and builders the whole sad affair is to be attributed. We see it stated that the floor which gave way has had a hollow appearance in the middle for some time, and that the joists which supported it rested only on a four-inch ledge in the walls. Certain pillars in the room below which had supported the floor, had also been removed. Of course it only needed the weight of a great crowd to bring the whole flimsy structure down. Probably many other public buildings in the country are equally unsafe. Recklessness is one of the common sins of the American people.

☞ In Peoria, Illinois, 1,880 women have signed a protest against female suffrage.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

The *New York World* says of the poem of "Beautiful Snow," about whose authorship several gentlemen are disputing, that "at the best the poem is prettily rhyming sentimentality, and that too of not the very best order."

We agree with the *World* as to the value of the poem in dispute; though of course it is a mean and criminal act to steal even a not very valuable article.

A FACT.

A colored coachman living with a family at Germantown, requested permission the other morning to go to the city for the day. It was the day of the negro celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment, and his mistress granted permission at once. But an idea suddenly occurred to her, and she turned and asked the coachman what he wished to be absent for. "Why," replied the coachman, "we am goin' to have a grand celebration of de Fifteenth *Commandment.*"

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Mr. M. S——, of Dayton, Ohio, in sending on his subscription as usual *for three years in advance*, says:—

"I have taken THE POST upwards of thirty years, and this may perhaps be the last time I shall subscribe for it, as I am now over seventy-six years old."

We hope our old friend will live to send us at least eight more subscriptions of the same kind, and live happily and healthily for the full term of one hundred years. Our own nearest relative is eighty-five years of age, and finds his life nearly as vigorous and enjoyable as ever.

☞ The following comes to us, apparently in a lady's hand-writing:—

"The Rev. Phillips Brooks, in his sermon last Sunday, said—"In order to be a Christian, you must first be a *man*." Can any one tell us how this may be accomplished? We think it is rather hard on woman."

Oh, no—it is easily enough done. Marry Mr. Phillips Brooks—for example—and you will then be Mrs. Phillips Brooks. If you cannot get Mr. Brooks—for that popular divine cannot marry *all* the ladies of his congregation—then any other man will do as well.

REPETITION.—Mr. Dickens, in his new novel, has a character named "Miss Rosa Bud, of course called Rosebud."

Fenimore Cooper has the same name in one of his novels, though he spells the bud with two d's, Rose Budd.

We do not know that the name was ever used before Mr. Cooper used it, but should not be surprised to find it had been, it is such an obvious play upon words—in fact too obvious to be *very* good.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE.—A Sequel to Home Influence. By GRACE AGUILAR, author of "The Vale of Cedars," "Woman's Friendship," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This volume is handsomely bound in Cloth and Illustrated.

PSYCHOLOGIC ATTRACTION, FASCINATION, OR THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL. Being the substance of two lectures delivered in St. James Hall, London, by HERBERT HAMILTON, B. A., author of "Principles of Science," etc. Published by T. W. Evans & Co., Philada.

HARRIS ON THE PIG. Breeding, Rearing, Management, and Improvement. By JOSEPH HARRIS, Moreton Farm, Rochester, New York. Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—Opinions of Individuals and of the Press, with Judicial Decisions. Published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., No. 14 Bond St., New York; and also for sale by J. A. Bancroft & Co, 512 Arch St., Philada.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND AMERICAN BUILDERS' JOURNAL. By SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect. For May. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Edited by Professor HENRY MORTON, Ph. D. For April. Published by the Franklin Institute at their Hall, Philadelphia.

Women Doctors in Russia.

It is stated that the Russian Government has announced that women will hereafter be admitted to medical schools and to medical practice. The origin of this concession is remarkable. Formerly it was found that the Cossacks objected to being attended by male physicians. On investigation it was discovered that they held a superstition concerning all diseases, and that their only ideas of remedial agents related to the incantations, charms, and holy herbs administered by witches. For ages the witch had been their physician, and the tradition was so strong that a few years ago, when some ladies applied to the Government for admission to the chief medical school of St. Petersburg, a few of them were admitted on condition that they would pursue their practice among the Cossacks. It was evidently intended to supersede the "witches."

☞ A slight discussion is going on abroad *apropos* of an indiscretion upon the part of a distinguished painter, who had received an invitation to one of the last balls given at Berlin by the Court. The artist, towards the end of the ball, went up to the Princess Karl and asked her to dance. With a smile that conveyed good-nature in her acquiescence and a pardon at the same time for an error noted, she accepted. At the end of the dance a gentleman of the Court went up to the painter and explained to him the indiscretion he had committed, and Mein Herr Von ——, the artist, was immediately obliged to make ample acknowledgments to the Princess.

☞ The principal opponent of Whittemore for Congress, in South Carolina, is said to be Ramsey, a colored man. The latter is reported to have the best chance of election.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—12,000 bbls, prices ranging from $4,37½@4,75 for superfine; $4,87½@5 for extra; $5,25@5,25 for Pennsylvania extra family; $5,25@5,75 for North-West extra family; $5,50@5,50 for Ohio and Indiana family. Rye Flour—200 bbls, in lots, at $5,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—About 26,000 bus of red sold at $1,29@1,33 for Indiana and Ohio, and $1,30@1,35 for Pennsylvania, and 5000 bus of Western and New York white at $1,40@1,55 ₩ bus. Rye—2500 bus of Western and Pennsylvania at $1,05@1,10 ₩ bus. Corn—About 60,000 bus yellow at $1,11@1,18. Oats—60,000 bus of Western sold at 50@60c; 25,000 bus of Pennsylvania at 55@60, and 8000 of light Delaware at 62c ₩ bus. Barley—5000 bush of Canada on private terms, and 7500 bus of California on private terms.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $23,25@23,50. Mess Beef at $21@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $25@33 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 18@19½c; Excelsior hams at 20c; sides at 16@16½c, and shoulders at 12c. Green Meats—Sales of 400 tcs pickled hams at 16@17c, and shoulders in salt at 11½@12c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 16½@17c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs 18c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 25@25c. Cheese—Sales at 17@18c. Eggs sell at 20@20c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—500 bales middlings sold at 23@23½c for uplands and 24@24½c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $27 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—There is a steady demand for prime Western at 75@80c ₩ ℔.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $5@6,00 for Western and New York. Sales of dried Apples at 8@12c, and Peaches at 9@9½c for quarters, 10½@11c for halves, and 17@18c for pared. Blackberries sell at 11½@12c. Cranberries sell at $20@24 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,00@1,60; mixed do, $1,35@1,40; Straw, $1,40.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 12@23c and Wisconsin at 15@23c ₩ ℔.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is less doing; sales of foundry at $32@33 for No. 1, and $31 ₩ ton for No. 2. Bar Iron is quoted at $76@77 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover-seed—Sales of 750 bus at $6,50@6,80. 800 bus Timothy sold at $7,25@7,50. Flaxseed sells slowly at $2,25 ₩ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 7½@9c ₩ ℔. 3200 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 12,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THOMASON, Hoboken N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. mar26-3m

☞ MESSRS. WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price. apt30-tf

Public speakers and singers will find "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. For coughs and colds the *Troches* are effectual.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I admire the Grover & Baker Machine above all others, because it is so easily operated. My little daughter, only nine years old, runs it with ease and does all my sewing. I have used many other kinds and am satisfied this is decidedly the best."—*Mrs. Hiram Reed, Vernon, Ind.*

Doty's Washing Machine has been before the public now for several years, and has had a full and fair trial in innumerable households. We have had one of them in use in our family from the first day of their public sale, and it gives us great pleasure to bear testimony of their great excellence, use, and value. There is no mistake about them. They perform all the work that is claimed for them by the makers, and all who have used Doty's Machine say that they would not be without it for a thousand dollars.—*Chicago, Ill., Tribune.*

Ladies desire what men admire. And this little thing is Beauty. What do we say is beautiful? A transparent complexion and a luxuriant head of hair. What will produce these? Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make any lady of thirty appear but twenty, and Lyon's Kathairon will keep every hair in its place, and make it grow like the April grass. It prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the finest hair dressing in the world, and at only half ordinary cost. If you want to get rid of sallowness, pimples, ring-marks, moth-patches, etc., don't forget the Magnolia Balm, ladies. my7-1m

Half a Million of Watches.—Half a million watches have been made by the American Watch Company at Waltham. No. 500,000 was finished a few weeks since. It was made for Howard & Co., of New York, who have it on exhibition.

Ask any professor or graduate of any regular college of pharmacy, ask any regular doctor, ask the physicians of even Homœopathic persuasion, ask any druggist in our land, and they will all or any of them tell you that in some way they use *Buchu* as a curative agent for all diseases of the kidneys and urinating organs. Many of them will tell you that Helmbold's Fluid Extract is the best extract; while there are plenty of physicians who will acknowledge that they freely prescribe it for diseases as above mentioned. All these reasons, added to the fact that for nearly a quarter of a century has this remedy been on trial, "and not found wanting," has succeeded in placing it at the "*head of the column*" of all proprietary medicines. Dr. H. T. Helmbold, besides being the most liberal advertiser in the world, has, at No. 594 Broadway, New York city, the best regulated, the largest and handsomest drug store in existence, and where our friends can be assured a kindly welcome from not only the excellent doctor, but his gentlemanly employees.—*St. Joseph Union.*

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sept-1y

A Roll of Female Hair,

Measuring six feet long, is in the possession of a London Hair Dealer. Evidently the lady had used "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.*"

LONDON WHICH DOES PRODUCE HAIR RESTORER.
LONDON HAIR RESTORER.
LONDON THE MOST GLORIOUS HAIR HAIR RESTORER.
LONDON HAIR RESTORER.

In all its youthful color, lustre, softness and beauty. Only 75 cents a bottle. Sold by all dealers and Dr. Swayne & Son, 830 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. my7-cow1f

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. apl-3m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains NO LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap15-3m

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber cherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Shaking and Burning.

It is not necessary to journey from the tropics to Alaska in order to experience the extremes of heat and cold. Thousands undergo all the inconveniences of this thermometrical change every day, or every other day, as the case may be, without the trouble of moving over the threshold. A word with those involuntary shakers. What are they doing to expedite their return to a medium temperature?—to break the chills and banish the fever. Are they dosing themselves with quinine, thereby imperiling the soundness of their bones and impairing the vigor of their brains and nervous system? Some of them are, no doubt, but not the majority of them, it is believed. The value of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS as a harmless and certain specific for fever and ague is understood and appreciated in all parts of the country where intermittents prevail. The residents of such localities begin to take it early in the spring as a protection against the miasma by which they are surrounded; not all of them, perhaps, for a blind adherence to error is the speciality of some people, but the greater number.

If there is any fixed fact in therapeutics, it is this: that the Bitters are a far better safeguard against all the varieties of periodic maladies produced by unwholesome exhalations than any drug or compound in the materia medica of the profession. This assertion is made with all due respect to the faculty, but being an important truth, and one that nearly concerns the health of large settlements in various parts of the country, and indeed of the public at large, it is made fearlessly. Founded on ample and unimpeachable testimony, it defies disproval.

To break up chills and fevers, as well as to prevent them, there is nothing so reliable as this wholesome vegetable restorative. my7-1m

"To Owners of Horses and Cattle."

Tobias' Derby Condition Powders are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of distemper, worms, bots, coughs, hide-bound, colds, &c., in horses, and colds, coughs, loss of milk, black-tongue, horn distemper, &c., in cattle. These "Powders" were formerly put up by Simpson & Tobias, son of Dr. Tobias, and since his death the demand has been so great that Dr. Tobias has continued to manufacture them. They are perfectly safe and innocent; no need of stopping the working of your animals. They increase the appetite, give a fine coat, cleanse the stomach and urinary organs, and increase the milk of cows. Try them, and you will never be without them. Col. Philo P. Bush, of the "Jerome Park Race Course," Fordham, N. Y., would not use them until he was told of what they were composed, since which time he is never without them. He has over twenty running horses in his charge, and for the last three years has used no other medicine for them.

Sold by druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 25 cents per box. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. my7-1m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., Mr. GEORGE H. SCHELL, of this city, to Miss LAURA C. MAHAN, daughter of the late Geo. Mahan, of Elkton, Md.

On the 25th of April, by the Rev. H. B. Gilroy, Mr. CHARLES WESTON to Miss ANNIE ATTWOOD, both of this city.

On the 26th of April, by the Rev. Jas. F. Martin, J. CLARENCE WHITE to LIZZIE, daughter of John A. Keenan, Esq., both of this city.

On the 26th of April, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnston, JOHN D. COOPER, of Warren county, Pa., to LIZZIE CAMPBELL, of this city.

On the 24th of April, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN B. CLYMER to Miss LAVINIA ROATS, both of this city.

By the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. J. HARRY WILSON to Miss LOUISA WHITMORE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of April, MARY ROBINSON, aged 28 years.

On the 26th of April, ALEXANDER HOPE, aged 21 years.

On the 26th of April, CHARLES A. SNEE, in his 6th year.

On the 25th of April, MARY, relict of the late John Clarke, in her 54th year.

On the 24th of April, Major GEORGE W. HALL, aged 41 years.

On the 24th of April, CHARLES FRANCIS, in his 79th year.

On the 22d of April, FREDERICK THOUGHTON, in his 22d year.

On the 23d of April, JAMES ALLEN, son of David H. and Margaret Bowen.

On the 22d of April, ANSON P. H. NAYLOR, in his 25th year.

FITS! FITS! FITS
FITS! FITS! FITS!

Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits

BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 826 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA CO., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My oldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1863, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenaday, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. STARONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS

By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.

To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE FREEZE.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 5 1868
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Ligon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. F. LIGON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 30.

SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry County, Va.

DR. SETH S. HANCE.—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully,
M. F. SLEDGE.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DURANT'S NECK, Pequimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.

S. S. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article; and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACOBS.

P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $2; two, $5; twelve, $17. feb13-12t

PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($3.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

The Rice-Paper Plant.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

It is only within a very few years that the true nature has been ascertained of the beautifully smooth and uniform, though very brittle, paper so largely used by the Chinese for drawings of birds, butterflies, and other objects of natural history. It received its popular name of rice-paper from an erroneous notion that it was made in some way from rice. It is, however, the pith of a plant not very distantly related to our common ivy, though having a very different appearance. The plant is called by the Chinese Tung-tsau (hollow plant.) It grows wild in great abundance on the hills in the northern districts of the island of Formosa, where it is gathered by the natives, and exchanged on the coast for Chinese produce. It is a small tree, at first growing with a simple stem; after flowering, two or more branches are produced, and the tree increases in size until it reaches a height of twenty or thirty feet; but as the pith deteriorates in the parts of the tree that have become old, it is generally cut down before it is twelve feet high. The large, sycamore-like leaves crown the slender stem, and, when in flower, are surmounted by several wand-like bunches of small, pale-yellowish flowers. A single flower is very insignificant, but the great number of them borne on thin whitish stalks have a striking and beautiful effect, especially from the great contrast between them and the crown of large dark green leaves. The stem is strongly marked by the transverse scars formed by the fallen leaves. It is covered by a thickish bark, and the wood is hard, heavy and durable.

The collectors cut the stems into lengths of nine or twelve inches. The pith is about two inches in diameter, and is very uniform in texture, except in the centre, where it is broken into a series of doubly concave cavities. A straight stick is inserted into the end of each piece, and the pith is forced out at the other end by hammering on the ground. The pith is then placed in hollow bamboos, where it swells to its natural bulk and dries straight. The pith is then dexterously cut by workmen, who hold against the cylinder a long sharp knife, which is kept quite steady while the pith is moved round and round. The paring thus goes on continuously until the inner broken pith is reached. Each cylinder produces a smooth, continuous scroll about four feet long. The sheets as they are cut are placed one on the other, then pressed and cut into squares of the required size. These are about three inches and a quarter square, and are sold in packets of 100 each at rather less than one penny the packet. The small squares are dyed different colors, and made into artificial flowers for ornamenting the hair of the Chinese ladies.

Large piths occur in other plants besides the Tung-tsau. An Indian plant named Shola, belonging to the Leguminous or pea tribe, was by many believed to be the source of the rice-paper. It is extensively employed in Singapore for the manufacture of floats and buoys for fishermen, and for the light sun-hats worn in the east; but it is greatly inferior in color and quality to the true rice-paper. The Taccada, an erect shrub growing on the shores of India and Ceylon, has a pith of considerable size, and of a firm, white appearance. It is much used by the Malays and Siamese for making artificial flowers, small figures, and other articles used as decorations at feasts and on festivals. Among British plants the elder tree has a very large pith, which has not, however, been applied to any practical use. It can be readily pushed out of the stem in the same way by which the Chinese get the pith of the Tung-tsau. The hollow stems that remain have given to the tree its popular name of bore tree.

EPIGRAM.

Can you imagine light which lends
Beyond itself no light,—
Whose radiance to its centre tends,
Whose surface is not bright?
'Twould be a miracle—but still
Selfishness is that miracle.

MAY.

The Earth is waking at the voice of May,
The new grass brightens by the trodden way,
The woods wave welcome to the sweet spring day,
And the sea is growing summer blue;
But fairer, sweeter, than the smiling sky,
Or bashful violet with tender eye,
Is she whose love for me will never die—
I love you, darling, only you!

Yea, friendships falter when misfortunes frown,
The blossoms vanish when the leaves turn brown,
The shells lie stranded when the tide goes down,
But you, dear heart, are ever true.
The grass grows greenest when the raindrops fall,
The vine clasps closest to the crumbling wall,
So love blooms sweetest under sorrow's thrall—
I love you, darling, only you!

The early robin may forget to sing,
The loving mosses may refuse to cling,
Or the brook to tinkle at the call of spring,
But you, dear heart, are ever true.
Let your silver mingle with your curls of gold,
Let the years grow dreary and the world wax old,
But the love I bear for you will ne'er grow cold—
I love you darling, only you!

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 15.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

KINGS.

"Nay, but we will have a king over us; that we also may be like all the nations."—1 Sam. viii. 19, 20. This was the persistent language of the Israelites, in answer to Samuel's remonstrances against a change in their form of government. God himself had hitherto been their king; their code of laws had been derived directly from Him; and their rulers and priests were of divine appointment.

But the Israelites had grown proud and rebellious: just in proportion to the abundance of the mercies and blessings received from their great Benefactor; and, as God himself complains of them, (Hosea x. 1.) "According to the multitude of His fruit, He hath increased the altars; according to the goodness of His land, have they made goodly images." At last, God was rejected from being their Sovereign; and under various pretexts, they urged the prophet Samuel to give them a king—an earthly king, such a one as ruled over the nations around them; that he might judge them and lead them forth to battle against their enemies. It was all in vain that the holy man, their hoary-haired judge of years and much wisdom, "protested solemnly," as directed by God, against their simple and foolish desire; they clamored yet the louder, "Nay, but we *will* have a king;" and the oft-repeated and most cogent reason they assigned for the desired change, was, "That we also may be like all the nations." Their language forcibly illustrates the Oriental propensity to kingly governments—a tendency noted and commented on by the Greeks and Romans of later times. A nation was then, in the days of Samuel, even as now, among all Eastern people, regarded as being more respectable for having a king at its head; and in the East, no reproach can be uttered against a people equal to that of saying, "*they have no king.*" So well was this prejudice in favor of royalty, understood by the English in India, that when the trade of Southern Asia was chiefly in the hands of the Dutch, and their English rivals wished to lower them in the estimation of their Oriental customers, the Britons scornfully said of the Hollanders, as the greatest possible reproach, that they had "no king;" and by inference, were of course, *no people.*

The Dutch traders equally aware of the strength of Oriental prejudice on this subject, repelled the charge as an infamous calumny; and solemnly affirmed that their Stadtholder was the greatest of all the Western kings, and *therefore* had assumed this more imposing title, while his less powerful contemporaries being all on an equality, shared a common title among themselves. The credulous natives believing this, the wily attempt of the English to excite a rebellion in one of the Dutch provinces was completely foiled.

A nation, however numerous, wealthy, or powerful, if without a king, is regarded as too insignificant to have a sovereign of its own, and as being merely a province, tributary, or dependency of some neighboring monarchy, and subject to the control of a foreign prince. Such a reproach the Israelites feared from the surrounding nations, and hence their urgent entreaty to the prophet, or rather, to the Lord, through him, *to give them a king*—not for permission to select one for themselves.—Strangely enough to us appears the quiet submission, on this point, of a people ordinarily so rebellious and self-willed; but Moses, in his last charge, had already prepared them for the *divine* election of their first sovereign—"Thou shalt in any wise set him king over thee, whom the Lord thy God shall choose." (Deut. xvii. 15;) and no thought of any other mode of procedure seems to have occurred to their minds. The monarchy was not to supersede the theocracy, but to be incorporated with it. The invisible Jehovah Himself was still to be their sovereign, and the king his viceroy, selected by God, and subject to His control. The first three sovereigns were thus chosen—Saul by lot, David by direct nomination, and Solomon by appointment as his successor; after which the crown was declared hereditary in the family of David.

The next striking point in this remarkable passage is the language of Samuel in his remonstrance, and the reasons he assigns why the Israelites would ultimately regret their unwise choice. "He (the king) will take your sons and appoint them for himself for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots. And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties; and will set them to clear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots. And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields and your vineyards, and your olive yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. * * He will take your men-servants and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work, &c., &c. A veritable picture indeed of the kingly establishments then existing among Oriental nations, and still to be found everywhere among the indolent, voluptuous, pleasure-seeking kings of southern and western Asia. The domestic menage of an Oriental monarch is truly an extraordinary affair; and the number of operatives required to keep in motion the ponderous machines is almost incredible to a western reader. In addition to his three or four hundred wives, in some instances five or six hundred, each of whom keeps her own physician, secretary, and from five to twenty personal attendants, according to her rank—his fifty or more children, frequently a full hundred, with the nurses, maids and *valets de chambre* needed for the accommodation of these scions of a royal house—and the immediate attendants and body guard of the monarch himself—there are ordinarily from one to two thousand cooks, butlers, footmen, boat-rowers, palanquin or sedan bearers, gardeners, and other subordinates, besides scores of physicians, secretaries, treasurers, the lords and eunuchs of the harem, musicians, actors and clowns required to make up the household of an Eastern Prince. Yet perfect system and order is everywhere maintained, each member of the vast establishment understanding fully his own proper place, the duties required of him, and his relative position in the household scale; and never interfering, in the slightest degree, with the duties of another, nor offering his services in a vocation not his own, even under the most pressing emergency. For example, during a series of entertainments given at the palace, the boatmen and palanquin bearers may not have a single call for their services for a full month; while, from the large influx of guests, the cooks, footmen, and house-servants may be excessively burdened with extra duties; yet the latter would never dream of asking aid of the hundred or more idle boatmen or "bearers," who from morning to night, were lounging listlessly about, or whiling off the dull hours in gambling for "cowries;" and did they venture to prefer such a request they would assuredly be refused, not from churlishness or idleness, but from *habit.* There is a feeling of disgrace attaching to the bare idea of a man's doing the simplest turn in any vocation than that in which he, and his fathers before him, have been brought up; and the master, in common with the servant, entertaining this strange prejudice against the mingling of occupations, it has been cherished and indulged in, till so inwrought into their very being, that any battling against it now would seem like beating the air, and would probably be attended with about as beneficial results. So these enormous households continue in vogue, and the people are drawn on for a continual supply. All Oriental monarchs claim and exercise the right of appropriating at will, the services of *any* of their subjects, and it has been so in all Eastern lands, as far back as any record can be obtained. He may use them as soldiers, sailors, servants or artisans as he inclines; and if called on they have no appeal. To refuse would be to forfeit liberty, and even life itself. The remuneration is just what the king pleases to give; but it is seldom more than food, clothing, and lodging, unless the employee be a special favorite with his royal master, when the salary is princely.

One of the most deleterious results of this system is, that it prevents any attempt at improvement in the useful arts; for no sooner does a workman evince uncommon skill in his vocation, than he is summoned to court, and in all probability has to spend the remainder of his days immured in a castle, working for no other pay than the honor of belonging to the royal household—imprisonment still, though the wires of his cage be never so richly gilded.

Well might the Israelites pause and consider the consequences, ere they thus wantonly threw away the liberty of freemen, and exchanged the mild and equitable rule of their God-fearing judges, who had hitherto governed them, for the pomp and pride of royalty, which must be paid for at the sacrifice of all the dearest rights of humanity. Yet such is human perversity, that we learn wisdom only when it is too late to profit by the attainment; and it needed but a few years' experience of royal rule to teach these poor Israelites the full solution of the prophet's "solemn protest," as well as the fearful import of the words: "Ye shall cry out in that day, *because of your king* which ye shall have chosen you; and the *Lord will not hear you in that day.*"

The expression, "Some shall run before his chariots," alludes to the practice still common, all over the East, of the *syces* running with the horse when in harness. His left arm is thrown over the horse's neck, and standing close alongside the pony's head, he readily guides the animal as he wishes by a slight motion of the bridles, which he holds in his right hand. In this way he will run for hours, as fast as the horse can trot, really appearing to regard both heat and fatigue less than does the horse. This same custom is referred to in 1 Kings xviii. 46, where the prophet Elijah is described as running before Ahab,—thus testifying his humility, and willingness to take the lowest place, on *suitable* occasions. When he claimed more, it was as *the prophet of the Lord*, not as an individual.

The Nose.

The nose acts like a custom-house officer to the system. It is highly sensitive to the odor of the most poisonous substances. It readily detects hemlock, henbane, monk's hood, and the plants containing prussic acid; it recognizes the fetid smell of drains, and warns us not to smell the polluted air. The nose is so sensitive that air containing 200,000th part of bromine vapor will instantly be detected by it; it will recognise the 13,000,000th part of a grain of the otto of rose, or the 15,000,000th part of a grain of musk! It tells us in the morning that our bedrooms are impure, and catches the first fragrance of the morning air, and conveys to us the invitation of the flowers to go forth into the fields and inhale their sweet breath. To be led by the nose has hitherto been used as a phrase of reproach; but to have a good nose, and to follow its guidance, is one of the safest and shortest ways to the enjoyment of health.

☞ If a bottle of ginger-pop weighs one pound, how much will your grand-pop weigh?

A DREAM.

Love, in the night I have dreamed a dream;
Most sweet it was, for I saw thy face
Bending near me, and thine eyes' gleam
Came like a star to that shadowy place.

For I thought we were where the waters rest,
Quietly flowing, where Evening lies,
Crowned with flowers of gold on her breast—
In a land where the sunset never dies.

Love, I think we had wandered there
All day long, for thy feet were wet,
Stained with flowers, and the dusk of thy hair
Bound with the darkening violet.

And after we were by the waters' side,
And I touched thy lips with these lips of mine;
For ever to dwell by that golden tide
Were sweeter, I think, than a life divine.

Ah! I know that to-morrow I lose my dream,
For the years cannot weave me a thing so fair,
And the earth cannot tell of that quiet stream,
And the sea has no tide that will carry me there.

Yet all this life is a little thing,
And to-morrow is false, love, for this is true—
That with thee last night I was wandering
In a land where golden flowers grew.

J. W. C.

The Long Rod-Pole.

The facts here related took place in the north-western part of Maine, about the year 1836, and although I was at that time very young, indeed a mere child, yet the peculiar character of the circumstances, the neighborhood excitement, and the sad consequence which followed, made an impression upon my mind that seems as fresh to-day as it did thirty years ago.

A few miles from my father's old farm there lived two well-to-do farmers, whom we will call John and Calvin. They were related by way of marriage, and were once great friends, but at the time my story commences they were most inveterate enemies. Their farms lay side by side on the county road, some few miles from the Androscoggin River. For many years they cut their hay in silence, each one mowing down to the dividing line with the precision of a master mechanic. Each owned a hundred rods, and through a part of the meadow ran a brook, which like most meadow brooks, was very crooked.

Now John thought it would be an excellent plan to ditch his one hundred rods, making the brook straight, and thereby saving much land, and making his field more convenient and productive. So he contracted with a man named Redman to dig one hundred rods of ditch at one dollar per rod, beginning at the lower line of his farm and following down the stream to Calvin's line. Redman came, and with his two grown-up boys he went merrily to work, and John made him a rod-pole for the occasion; but, being of a treacherous disposition, he made the measure a dozen inches longer than usual, that he might get a good return. In this he did not fail.

Redman worked diligently for some days. Calvin was interested in the operation, and carefully watched the proceedings, often asking Redman how many rods he had accomplished, and always getting an honest reply. One day, as he leaned upon his scythe, he called—

"I say, Redman, how many rods have you got along?"

"Eighty."

"Eighty! well, you're getting along fast."

Now Calvin saw at once that he was far too near his line for eighty rods, and, musing upon the circumstances, he decided there must be a mistake. Knowing John so well, he began to suspect, as he considered the subject further, that John might be trying to defraud Redman; so dropping his scythe and crossing the line, he sat down near the rod-pole and took off his hat to cool and rest himself.

"I say, Redman, this is hot weather."

"Yes."

While so sitting, he took occasion to measure the pole which John had made, and to his delight he found it was just one foot too long. Now here was fun for Calvin. Here was a chance to plague his enemy. Did he go and tell Redman? No, not he. He laughed quietly in his sleeve, and waited for Redman to finish his work. This was done, and the honest digger presented to John his bill for one hundred dollars, received his money, and went his away.

Very soon after this was accomplished, Calvin discovered to his great surprise and indignation of course, that some one had been trespassing on his meadow by digging a ditch about *one hundred feet long*, near the line which separated his land from John's. Sending to John, he demanded if that ditch was dug by his authority. John, not suspecting any trouble, replied that it was. Receiving this answer, Calvin at once started for the town, and laid his case before the village lawyer, who at once saw that John had committed a great wrong, known to the law as *wilfully trespassing on the land of a neighbor.* A writ was accordingly made out, and the deputy sheriff of the country, so much dreaded in those times, soon made his appearance before John, attached his property for the damage done to Calvin's land, and summoned him to appear and show cause.

John was astonished. He visited the field, and saw at a glance that the ditch *was* far over the line, and now for the first time the awful thought flashed upon him that in making his rod-pole one foot too long he had actually dug one hundred feet into Calvin's land. He stood aghast, and then hastened to find the rod-pole, that he might destroy the proof of his guilt, but it was not to be found. He could not understand where it had gone, but when he appeared in court, there that ghost of a rod-pole met his astonished view. How came it there none but Calvin knew, and he was silent. The case was soon tried, and a verdict of guilty was rendered, with nominal damage and cost of court. This, with the advantage of his enemy, and the withering rebuke of the lawyers, was a terrible retribution for poor John.

But more was yet in store. Redman saw, by the evidence at court, that he had been cheated out of one hundred feet of ditch actually dug, so he commenced suit against John. Again came the sheriff, again he went to court, and again he received the cold cuts of the attorneys and the sneers of the people, with the verdict of guilty, and the order of full pay to Redman and the costs of court.

And yet more was in store for him. The long rod-pole was still kept for another use, the worst of all, for now the church, of which John had been, to all outward appearances, an exemplary member, took the case in hand, and expelled him from their communion and fellowship.

Thus did the biter get bit. Thus swiftly did the retributive justice of God overtake the poor cheat who secretly tried to rob a poor honest man of the fruit of his toil, wretched John never heard the last of the long rod-pole. It was the standing joke for a generation, and although nearly all the actors have long since settled their accounts with that being who measures all things justly, the lesson still remains, and should teach us that in all our dealings with our brother man, God will only prosper us when we deal honestly and justly. When tempted to do otherwise, let us remember the story of John who *made his rod-pole too long.*

Tim Smiley's Frog.

BY MARK TWAIN.

He cotched a frog one day and took him home, and said he calculated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but sit in his back yard and learn the frog how to jump. And you bet he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn a summerset, and maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him.

Smiley said that all the frog wanted was education, and he could do almost anything, and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Daniel Webster down here on the floor—Daniel Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out: "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring up up and shake a fly off'a the counter there and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd done any mor'n any frog might do. You never seed a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to a square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it came to that Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and bin everywhere all said that he laid over every frog that they seed.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch it down town sometimes, and lay for a bet. Once a feller—a stranger in camp, he was—came across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be you've got in the box?"

And Smiley, sorter indifferent like:

"It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe; but it ain't, it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says:

"H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I judge—he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long and particular look, and gives it back to Smiley, and says very deliberate:

"Well, I don't see no points about that frog that's any better than any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley said. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you ain't only an amateur, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute or two, and then says, kinder sad like: "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog, but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says: "That's all right. That's all right. If you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog;" and so the feller took the box and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and sat down to wait.

So he sat there a good while, thinking to himself, and tuk the frog out and pried open his mouth, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to the chin, and set him on the floor. Smiley, he went out in the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and ketched a frog and fetched him in, and gave him to the feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give you the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l gave a heave, histed up his shoulder—so—like a Frenchman; but it wasn't no use; he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out of the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate: "Well, I don't see no other points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley stood scratching his head and looking down on Dan'l a long time, and at last he says: "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for; I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him; he 'pears to look mighty baggy somehow;" and he ketched Dan'l by the nape of the neck, and lifted him up and says: "Why, blame my cat, if he don't weigh five pounds," and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot, and then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man! He set the frog down and took after that feller, but he never ketched him!

FOLKS with missions, whose gaunt eyes
See golden ages rising.
Salt of the earth, in what queer guys
Thou'rt fond of crystallizing.—*Lowell.*

INCONSTANT.

Inconstant! Oh, my God!
Inconstant! When a single thought of thee
Sends all my shivering blood
Back on my heart in thrills of ecstasy!

Inconstant! When to sleep
And dream that thou art near me, is to learn
So much of heaven, I weep
Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ah! too true!
Turn from the rightful shelter of thy breast,
My tired heart flutters through
The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crowd
Through which I pass, as, to the skies above,
The fickle summer cloud,
But not to thee, oh, not to thee, dear love!

I may be false to all
On earth beside, and every tender tie
Which seems to hold in thrall
This weary life of mine, may be a lie;

But true as God's own truth,
My steadfast heart turns backward evermore,
To that sweet time of youth
Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore!

Inconstant! Not my own
The hand which builds this wall between our lives;
On its cold shadow, grown
To perfect shape, the flower of love survives.

God knows that I would give
All other joys, the sweetest and the best,
For one short hour to live
Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark;
The sunlight gladdens many a hidden slope;
The dove shall find its ark
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

I shall still be possessed
Of woman's meed—my small world set apart!
Home, love, protection, rest,
And children's voices singing through my heart.

By God's help, I will be
A faithful mother and a tender wife;
Perhaps even more, that He
Has chastened the best glory from my life.

But sacred to that loss,
One white sweet chamber of my heart shall be;
No foot shall ever cross
The silent portal sealed to love and thee.

And sometimes when my lips
Are to my first-born's clinging, close and long,
Draining with bee-like sips
At its sweet lily heart, will it be wrong,

If, for an instant, wild
With precious pain, I put the truth aside,
And dream it is thy child
That I am fondling with such tender pride?

And when another's head
Sleeps on thy heart, if it should ever seem
To be my own instead,
Oh, darling, hold it closer for the dream.

God will forgive the sin,
If sin it is, our lives are swept so dry,
So cold, so passion-clear,
Thank Him death comes at last—and so good-bye.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

CROWNED WITH RUE.

Rachel Garth announced the miserable tidings to her father in a more softened manner than one would have expected. And at the first moment he scouted it as utterly impossible! Would Lucy have proffered that request of last night, if she had meant to blacken it by this monstrous sin.

"I don't know what more I could have done;" he said, brokenly. "I tried to train her in the right way—I strove to impress truth, and honor, and virtue upon her mind, to control her rebellious temper and wild fancies. And this is the end!"

Rachel comforted him. She could not see that it was her fault or her father's, that Lucy had gone astray. It was the result of extravagance and indulgence, fondness for society, vanity, self-will, and a less pardonable coquetry. She had rushed headlong to ruin on her own responsibility.

Perhaps Mr. Garth rather longed to have this view of the case strengthened. He wanted to feel acquitted in his own eyes.

"We shall find out the truth of this," he replied. "If it proves so, she is no child of mine henceforth."

With that they parted. He could not sleep, but revolved all the suspicious circumstances in his mind—and Heaven knows there was no lack of them. And if to the rest, she had added this shameful hypocrisy, her cup of offence was indeed full.

The Garths kept their own counsel for the next two days. On the third, Mr. Marchmont walked into the office with his usual jaunty air, and wished Mr. Thorndike a very careless, graceful good-morning.

There was a blue line about Warren Thorndike's mouth, and his fingers clinched instinctively. They would not be pleasant at a man's throat. He went close up to his handsome rival.

"Where is my wife, Marchmont?" he hissed.

"Your wife? Mrs. Thorndike?"

Had Lucy been weak and wild enough to confess that fragment of a conversation at the river's edge?

"Yes, my wife! She left in the same train, on the same morning."

"Good God!"

Vaughan Marchmont struck his hand to his forehead, and stared at the other in such surprise that Mr. Thorndike was staggered.

"There has been no search made. No one cared to bruit such a truth abroad. After a step like that, she could never be *my* wife again; so I wish you joy of her!" with a cruel, scornful smile.

"As I live, Thorndike, I never saw her. I did not know that she was on the train. Why should you accuse me of such a foul deed?" and he straightened himself with an air of injured innocence.

"Because she liked you;" the man said, bluntly—little guessing how this flattered his adversary's soul.

Then they gave each other a long, questioning look. A spirit of bitter hate was in each heart.

"Thorndike," Marchmont said, "you never deserved her! You have broken her heart by your careless cruelty and culpable indifference. If she had sought a tender and cherishing love, it would be no sin in God's eyes. But where is she? You may have to answer for this!"

Thorndike paled, partly with passion, partly with fear. But anger helped him to recover himself shortly.

Recrimination with such rude brute-force was folly. Marchmont rushed at once to Mr. Garth's, and cleared himself of the foul imputation. But the fact of Lucy Thorndike's disappearance still remained.

The secret must be confessed, and a search made. Marchmont's love for Lucy was stronger than his hate for Thorndike; indeed, the man was too coarse and vulgar for any emotion that savored of respect. He felt assured that Lucy had cared for him; and if found, he meant to befriend her. If he could once win her gratitude!

There was another excitement in Dedham. Lucy Garth seemed destined to drag her family into notoriety one way or another. She was traced to Bradford, easily. Rachel remembered the dress she wore—a light gray poplin, and no other was missing from her wardrobe. A more thorough search brought the fact to light that her valuable jewels were missing.

Mr. Marchmont resolved that Dedham should not link his name to any tale of scandal. He succeeded in fully persuading Rachel and her father of his innocence—but although there could be but the slightest suspicion to warrant it, Thorndike held vindictively to his first belief.

A month or so later, a clue was discovered, though it left the matter more of a mystery than ever. Mrs. Thorndike's dress was found and identified, and also some articles of clothing, on which her name was written in full. They seemed to have caught in the roots of the trees and stones at the river's edge, a mile or two below Bradford. And then came a story of a woman having been found drowned at the next town; but in such a state of decomposition, that identification was impossible. Several persons thought they recognized one of a number of beggars and tramps, possibly thieves, that had been seen prowling around the place—and as such, she had been buried, after the usual coroner's inquest. But upon minute inquiry, several important discoveries were made. The woman was without a dress, a faded shawl having been tied about her body. She was tall, slender, had the appearance of being young, and with a quantity of long, light hair. There were no marks of violence visible—but the examination had elicited the fact that the woman must have been in the final stages of consumption.

There were many plausible reasons why this might be Lucy Thorndike's body. Her languor and apparent ill-health, her secret dissatisfaction—and presently, the knowledge that she had sold some of her jewels in Bradford. Finding herself destitute and alone at the last, it was not impossible that she had sought this method of ending a troubled life.

To Mr. Garth it was a great shock. He had taken the death of Lucy's mother with something of a feeling of relief, but this struck him the keenest blow of his whole life. Rachel almost longed to call her back from her grave, and lecture her upon the heinousness of her sin. That a woman with so good and indulgent a husband as Warren Thorndike, plenty of money, no care or trouble—and nothing to do, if that could be a satisfaction—should wish to end her life in this tragic and uncomfortable manner, astounded her. It was such an excellent text for a homily that she could not bear to give it up without sermonizing her dead sister. And so she sighed over the useless life that had gone out thus suddenly.

Mrs. Glenfield came to condole with her. The bitter feeling between the two religious bodies had softened considerably of late on the natural ground perhaps that all old prejudices weaken. Many of her past friends came, moved in more than one case by curiosity. Some believed that Mrs. Thorndike had never recovered from the downfall of her pride and ambition, others whispered that she had rebelled against and defied her husband's sway. Some blamed, some pitied, and many confidently averred that it was just what might have been expected. Perhaps it was well that both Rachel and Mr. Thorndike paid little heed to the senseless gossip.

One autumn day they brought home the body supposed to be that of Lucy Thorndike, and laid it to rest in the quiet old-fashioned churchyard beside her mother. Mr. Howe, with his kindly word for everybody, felt sure that she had not been in her right mind. To Mr. Garth the idea was a great comfort. He wanted to feel that Lucy, with all her sins and follies, had not been utterly lost at the last. Indeed, he wondered sometimes if his own mind was not giving way. There was a great confusion of thought, an inability to distinguish clearly in matters about which he had always felt so positive heretofore. In his secret heart he mourned his child with a strange passion of grief for so cold a nature.

Rachel, I think, felt relieved. She hated scenes and excitements, and could have gone on in one groove forever. From her birth Lucy had been a subject of turmoil and contention. First with her ill fated mother, then her own stormy childhood, her unwise marriage, indeed, the whole of her misguided life. It was as well that she should be at rest. She was of small use or service to the world.

Does Rachel Garth seem utterly heartless to you? That she was cold, rigid and narrow I admit; and yet, comparing her works with Lucy's, the latter was left far behind. Rachel had been a conscientious and careful daughter. Her father's bodily comfort would never suffer at her hands. A good neighbor, ready in sickness, sprinkling her alms-giving plentifully with rather sharp censure and unpalatable advice, but sensible in the main. She never glossed over people's careless and untidy houses, her's was always neat and orderly. She could not tolerate indolence, for she, a rich man's daughter, rose with the sun and worked all day. What she could do without actual compulsion, others might do when it was a necessity. She had fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and ministered to the sick, and in one circle of Dedham she was esteemed as little less than a saint. Lucy had done nothing of this.

Ah, it is well that God's eyes are not as severe as ours. How often our weak faith is staggered at some mystery as we judge by a few broken links, but God who is all-wise can see the end from the beginning, and knows all the blindness, the weakness, and the thorns in the path. Well for us that it is so.

The great wave surged back again. What matter for the little life gone out? There was buying and selling, eating and drinking for those who were left. No very deep wounds to heal, no despairing sense of loss and absence, no wail from any aching heart. Warren Thorndike went his ways as usual. Rachel set the house in order, and by degrees the luxuries that had so offended her sight were disposed of in a quiet manner, and the house resumed its olden aspect.

There was one man who did not believe the body lying in yonder churchyard to be that of Lucy Thorndike. This was Vaughan Marchmont. He had been stung by the quiet manner in which Lucy had put aside his offer of friendship and taken her fate in her own hands, but from this steady persistence he judged that she was not one to commit suicide. He felt quite sure that she was hiding somewhere, and he had a presentiment that he should some day discover her. There are men to whom everything comes sooner or later, and he was of this class.

It was just as well that the rest should suppose her dead. When he met her again he would like to have the secret in his own hands.

His prospects began to look pretty fair. One of those sudden impulses of trade in these later days doubled the price of iron and created an immense demand. He smiled over his good fortune. In a few years he would be a gentleman of wealth and leisure. Then, Lucy Thorndike taking courage, would come out of her retirement, but this time she should not escape.

Mr. Rutherford returned from his trip abroad to be shocked by these tidings and learn that he had been about the greatest sufferer by the rash speculations. Perhaps if every secret deed had been brought to light some of Mr. Marchmont's delicate manipulations would ill have borne the scrutiny, but Warren Thorndike was not one to quarrel with the sources of the golden stream flowing so steadily into his coffers.

Another spring smiled over Dedham, another summer bloomed in fragrance and beauty. Of course curious eyes were turned upon Rachel Garth and Warren Thorndike. Both his losses and her influence had proved beneficial to him. He no longer frequented grand dinners, nor even drank moderately. A sober, steady-going, middle-aged man he became suddenly, and transferred his religious allegiance to Mr. Howe. He went to church with Rachel and her father, but beyond that the most prying tea-table gossip could find nothing for comment.

They were not demonstrative people. Mr. Thorndike had resolved a month after Lucy's funeral that at a proper time he would marry Rachel. He had been a great fool for not taking her at first. She was grave, patient and industrious, and began to look old for her two-and-thirty years, but on the whole felt quite well satisfied with what she saw.

So one June day he asked her to marry him. The immense piles of bed and table linen were in order, chests of garments laid in lavendar and dried rose leaves. There was very little to be done, and a month later she became Mrs. Thorndike.

Nothing was changed in the house. There was no bridal tour nor display of silver, the black garments were laid aside and a soft gray substituted. The last hopes that any one had cherished concerning Mr. Garth died out. He was ageing fast, feeble and broken in health. Indeed, he had never been the same man since Lucy's death. Rachel looked after him as one would a child. The old arbitrary dogmatic ways had slipped off, and even the workmen wondered at the change.

Through the summer evenings he sat on the poron dreaming idly of the soft hands that had once clasped his face, of the sweet lips that had touched his. He seemed to forget the trials, the bickerings, the many times that she had defied his authority. A hazy memory in which even the glimmer of golden curls failed to rouse his indignation. He was always glad that he had kissed her that last time.

On the May following a child was born to Rachel and Warren Thorndike, a fair, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl; a lovely, soft, waxen thing, that seemed rather the embodiment of Lucy's spirit, than that of her parents'. Rachel was bitterly disappointed in two respects. First, that there should have been any child at all, for she had no motherly love or longings; and secondly, that it was a girl. A boy to inherit his father's wealth and position would have been more endurable.

She was as methodical in this as in everything else. Her child was made inexorably subject to rule, as if she were following out her own mother's precepts. And yet Rachel could not get back to the olden routine. A weariness and languor oppressed her. The nerves that had been like iron began to relax. The work she had never minded was a burthen to her, though she tried to shake off the feeling. She almost grudged this innocent little life for thus sapping her strength.

Warren Thorndike might have grown fond of his little daughter if there had been an opportunity. In the morning when he went away she was still asleep, and at noon in her cradle. She came to have a kind of frightened baby shrinking from him, and he did not study any tender means of overcoming it.

But her grandfather made amends for all. It was marvellous how deep a root the little one took in his heart. She was a strangely quiet baby, and would sit on his knee for an hour studying him with her deep eyes, which had a peculiar twilight softness in their sky of blue. And when she grew old enough to tangle her tiny fingers in his hair and beard, he only smiled.

There had been some difficulty about her name. Mr. Garth had begged for Lucy when the subject was first discussed.

"There's a look of her in the baby's face," he said with an absent, dreamy gaze.

"But her name was not Lucy, you know," Rachel rejoined almost fretfully.

"No. We always called her that, and I like it."

"You didn't then."

Rachel remembered the bitter scenes and sharp recriminations, and it seemed now as if her father had grown childish. Could he so easily forget?

He sighed and looked vacantly out of the window.

"But I'd like to have it Lucy," he said after a long pause.

Rachel repeated this conversation to her husband. She really was not pleased with the proposal.

"Well," he said, "one name is as good as another."

She glanced at him curiously. There was a feeling in her mind that she could not quite explain, an objection too subtle and far-reaching to be put in words. It seemed to her that he ought to share it.

"Yes. You don't think it will bring bad luck?"

"We shouldn't want her luck for the child. And father thinks she looks like Lucy."

"She *was* handsome, there's no denying that," he exclaimed with a little chuckle. "There was some strange blood in her veins—you always said *her* mother was queer. But there's nothing in a name. Let it be Lucy or Polly, only it seems right enough to humor your father."

Perhaps this consideration swayed Rachel ultimately, for she consented, though Mr. Garth began to call her Lucy before she was christened. She seemed the one thing in the world to him.

CHAPTER XXI.

REST AND REFUGE.

Four years had passed since the summer morning on which Lucy Thorndike had said good-by to her sister. You know the principal events that had taken place at Dedham. She, though still alive, was ignorant of them all. For a long time she had been ill, and afterward her only thought had been how to bury herself from their sight forever and begin a new life.

She had destroyed every trace of her identity. Her illness had been utter prostration and a low nervous fever, but never so severe that reason swayed on its throne. When she recovered she found that she had enough to remunerate her kind hostess, and she was thankful. But what could she do?

Her first essay was as companion and seamstress to an elderly invalid. This coming to a sudden end, she took a vacant village school, but the publicity rendered her nervous and ill at ease, so she plunged into the retirement of a governess.

She settled herself at last in a quiet, old-fashioned, but extremely beautiful town. A dreamy, refined, aristocratic place, full of old families who were proud of their pure blood. She came to sing in the church, which was a miniature cathedral, and eked out her income by teaching music.

This really good fortune had come to her through the intervention of the clergyman and his wife. The Reverend Cyrus Wilmer was a Christian gentleman in word and deed, and his wife followed his good example with fervent faith. When he saw a good work lying just outside of his path, he never paused to question why another had neglected it, but went at it with gentle, yet earnest heart and truest courage. His flock loved him like a father.

Lucia Mackenzie was introduced into Merecombe under these auspices. She sang on Sunday, and every one was charmed. She was to reside with Mrs. Wilmer's widowed sister, Mrs. Preston, and had already been promised three scholars—the two Wilmer children and Edith Preston.

Merecombe was on the line of a railroad that connected two distant but populous cities. This seemed to bound one side, and a slow flowing river the other. At this point the river was not navigable for vessels of much pretension, though miles below it was alive with trade and commerce. The spot was secluded, without being at all lonely, and clustered about on every side with romance and beauty. The march of business had not invaded it, the whirr and hum of machinery was never heard. Framed in like a picture, it slept and woke with every season, quaint, quiet and lovely.

Lucia Mackenzie was charmed with it the first hour she spent within its precincts. And the Sunday was like a blessed dream, hallowing all her days.

Mrs. Preston was a charming woman, in comfortable circumstances, and when her sister had written to propose this addition to her family, acceded with a feeling of unusual interest. Miss Mackenzie had not disappointed her in any respect, unless it was the fact of her loveliness, concerning which Mrs. Wilmer had said nothing.

Mr. Wilmer set about getting his protege established, and met with excellent success. Her high-bred, lady-like demeanor commended her at once—and her grace and sweetness riveted the charm. Mr. Maurice, the organist, did not suspect the usual rival in her, and indeed received her into his good graces at once.

It was a summer afternoon now. There was a cluster of youthful figures on the spacious lawn in front of the Catherwood Mansion, and two or three ladies sitting in easy chairs on the porch. The eldest, a still beautiful woman, past sixty, fair, placid, and with a beaming face that might easily have hidden the shadow of a dozen years. Ample in proportions, and with a motherly look that won at once.

The lady opposite, was much more slender and quite different in appearance, though not without a certain delicate loveliness. Although a daughter-in-law in name, for many years, she had been truly a child to Mrs. Catherwood. Three of the girls, and the young man in the group, were hers—and they were all marked by the soft, dark eyes, and fine, glossy hair of a rich brown, and the pure, oval face of their mother.

The third was Lucia Mackenzie. She stood leaning her arm on the balcony railing, one slender foot crossed above the other. A noticeable peculiarity of hers was that she always wore black or white. To-day it was a white pique, with black braiding, and her only ornament a cluster of deep, velvety crimson buds at her throat.

Her hair was brushed plainly above her ears, and worn in a large coil at the back of her head. It was like threads of softest silk, you could see, and the complexion was clear and fine. Yet an indescribable change had come over the whole face. In these years her soul had grown and blossomed there.

She was looking, as they all were, at the stranger on the lawn, at least Miss Mackenzie had never seen her before.

"My grand-daughter, Miss Sturtevant," Mrs. Catherwood had said.

Miss Mackenzie knew very well that this young lady had been expected for the summer. She was to be married, and her grandmother had insisted upon the nuptials taking place at Merecombe. Indeed, this marriage and this grandchild had not been a source of unmixed pleasure to Mrs. Catherwood.

By fragments Lucia had heard the story. Mrs. Sturtevant had gone abroad for her health, and died there. Eleanor, her only daughter, had been left in charge of some cousins. Mrs. Catherwood had implored Eleanor's guardian—her father had been dead some years—to go for her.

There had been several deaths before in the family, and now Mrs. Catherwood was childless. Of her grand children, these at home were her favorites. Eleanor's father she had never cordially liked, though she had kept this to herself, and always treated him well. This daughter had been proud and imperious, a very worldly and fashionable woman—and perhaps her coldness had helped to estrange the mother's heart.

The Sturtevants were very fond of Eleanor, and unwilling to relinquish her. Mrs. Catherwood had foreseen this and given her guardian some private instructions to be used according to his judgment.

Mrs. Sturtevant's illness had interfered with Eleanor's tour, which was still to be completed. A quiet summer among the Alps and the lakes, a winter at Rome—and by that time, her grief having abated, her cousins thought it possible that Paris might be taken in. Mrs. Catherwood had hardly approved of this with such chaperones, and was thankful to have the guardian, a man of the highest honor and not young, connect himself with the party.

Through some mismanagement or misfortune, the greater part of Eleanor Sturtevant's inheritance had been swept away. Paris was not achieved—at least theirs had been Paris without the gayety that renders it so enchanting. But Miss Sturtevant had returned home the betrothed of her guardian.

Mrs. Catherwood had no objection to this. That Eleanor should stipulate for a two years's engagement was not at all remarkable, considering that she was but eighteen. The intervening time was spent partly with her grandmother, and partly with her father's relatives, who were very gay people; and the two years had lengthened themselves into four.

It was rumored that Mrs. Catherwood had taken matters somewhat into her own hands. The lovers were summoned to the Oaks, as the fine old place was called, and Miss Sturtevant was to be married at her grandmother's, in the autumn.

As I said, Lucia had heard this in fragments. She gave Frances, Sophie, and Bel Catherwood music lessons, and was an immense favorite with the old lady. When Mrs. Catherwood announced Miss Sturtevant, Lucia looked as she was doing now.

"Do you think her handsome, Miss Mackenzie? She resembles her father's family more than ours. I believe I never did admire very dark women."

"Yes," Lucia said, slowly, "she is very handsome. You would not call her pretty nor beautiful—those terms seem too tame."

The elder Mrs. Catherwood sighed a little.

"Fanny's drooping grace and sweetness appear more admirable to me, in a woman," she returned.

The face was turned towards her, and Lucia studied it again. It was proud, haughty, and reminded you of nothing so much as fine bronze—for every feature seemed to have been formed in some delicate mould—they were perfect and impeasable. The low forehead was set in shadowy masses of purple black hair, the eyes were deep and full of smouldering fire, and the pupil and iris being so nearly of a color, gave them a peculiarly impenetrable look, as if they might baffle you forever. The figure was full of affluent beauty and grace, and every motion displayed a polish and culture that one rarely expects in so young a woman.

Something about her filled Lucia with a strange feeling of distrust. She tried to shake off the impression. This girl's life and hers would never meet, nor cross on any plane—they were in such different grooves, so why should she care?

"I believe Eleanor is very fascinating," said the younger Mrs. Catherwood. "Just watch how George listens and admires," and the mother laughed, with careless ease, not a little proud of her own fine-looking son.

"There may be such a thing as too much fascination. It is a dangerous gift;" the grandmother returned, with some asperity.

"Am I not to have any pupils this afternoon?" asked Miss Mackenzie, looking at her watch.

"Oh, yes. I quite forgot how your time was passing; so you must excuse us all."

Lucia nodded graciously. Frances was summoned, but Sophie came running lightly over the lawn in advance of her sister.

"Oh, mamma, George wants to take Eleanor out in the boat. The tide will be right in about an hour. Can't I be excused to-day?"

"My dear Sophie, there will be a month or two for pleasure, and when Miss Mackenzie has been put to the trouble of coming, it is hardly right to make her errand fruitless."

"But there will be two lessons, for Bel cannot go. And I'll run over to Mrs. Preston's to-morrow morning whenever Miss Mackenzie is disengaged. Do, mamma!" she entreated.

Lucia smiled her assent, and Mrs. Catherwood finally agreed. Frances went to the piano. Through the French window Miss Mackenzie could see the lawn and Eleanor Sturtevant coquetting with her cousin. She wondered why she gave it so harsh a name. Eleanor was too years his senior, a finished woman of the world. This display of arts and graces might be natural to her, but was it not also a trap for the unwary? How much did Eleanor Sturtevant care for her lover?

Why should Lucia Mackenzie think of him? Were men so loyal, generous and noble that a woman might freely become a champion of one unknown? He had doubtless chosen her for her beauty and elegance; perhaps, too, for the passion that one might rouse in such a tropical nature. Why should she care? The destiny of these people could affect her but little.

Though her afternoon work was shortened she still lingered. Bel, who could never go on the water with any degree of pleasure, coaxed her for some songs, and Grandmother Catherwood always took the singing as a great luxury.

It was quite late when she left them. Bel, clinging to her arm, went down the steps laughing in her gay, girlish way. Something in it all, the eager child, the sunset quivering low in the west, the delicious air, indeed the whole scene touched her in a peculiar manner. She drew a long breath of rapturous content, and then paused.

"Well, Miss Mackenzie?" with laughing, questioning eyes. "Shall I escort you

back? I don't see why you couldn't stay until evening, as mamma wished, and see Eleanor!"

That was like bringing a shadow over the perfect scene.

"No, I could not."

"But you stopped, and you cast a lingering look backward."

"I was thinking that for an instant I felt perfectly happy and contented," Lucia responded.

"And don't you always."

Bel raised a wondering glance to the sweet face.

Lucia laughed then. It would be quite impossible to explain her feelings to this child, and Isabel Catherwood was already too much given to speculation.

"I suppose moments of perfect content are rare," she answered carelessly. "And now you must say good-bye to me. See, we are at the gate."

"I wish I were coming to-morrow instead of Sophie. Miss Mackenzie, I should like to be rich, and a queen. I should set aside a portion of my palace and keep you forever, like some wonderful bird, to sing to me."

Lucia's voice rippled on the summer air, for the conceit amused her.

"Good night," she said and turned, and came face to face with a gentleman standing outside of the gate.

Bel started with a little cry of surprise, Lucia Mackenzie turned deadly white, and shook so that she was glad to grasp the nearest support.

"Oh, Mr. Rutherford! Our friend, Miss Mackenzie;" for he was studying her with something deeper than astonishment; and Bel ranged herself on Lucia's side, as if she needed some defence.

"Miss Mackenzie is a past acquaintance of mine also," he returned with studied calmness, "though I little expected to meet her here. I suppose you have been well during these years?"

He asked the question absently. He was too much surprised to think. Had she been raised from the dead!

"Quite well;" but her words had a hollow, tremulous sound. And then she said, with a strange recklessness—"You remember that you once thought my voice worth cultivation? Acting upon your advice, I have made it of service to myself, at least. And now, my dear pupil, good-night, again."

She nodded to Mr. Rutherford, turned, and was gone. Swiftly down the shaded road she flew until breathless with terror and fatigue. Then she turned into a by-path, and seated herself upon a stone, covering her face with her hands. The old existence that she had almost forgotten, rushed back upon her.

Up to this hour there had been nothing to alarm, or in any wise connect her with the past. She had meant to blot it out and commence anew, her own life it should be. Whether they had searched for her, whether they thought her dead or not, she never knew. No word had passed her lips that could betray, and she had never met a familiar face.

Yet for the first year or two she had lived in constant dread—and indeed, not felt entirely free until she came to Merecombe. In this sleepy little town, so far removed from business or fashionable travel, she had learned to consider herself secure. Day by day the sense of ease and enjoyment had grown upon her. Mrs. Wilmer's motherly friendship, and Mrs. Preston's tender care, were so delightful to experience. She had grown happy in spite of herself. Music had become a passion with her, and there was very little in her present duties that was at all irksome. Day by day the burthen became lighter, until an hour ago she was unconscious that she carried any.

And now how would it end? She did not for a moment imagine that Mr. Rutherford would betray her, but the delightful feeling of security was gone. The bright sky gloomed over in an instant.

"I was too happy and careless;" she sighed, and yet, if she had been ever so watchful, could she have foreseen this?

The dim rays of twilight clustering about the trees surprised her at length, and she rose wearily. A wild impulse urged her to flight again, but she knew that would be folly. Why should she distrust one who had proved so kind a friend?

"An hour ago I was so happy;" she still moaned, gathering in the coming darkness shadows for her own life that had always lain on the bitter wintry side of fate.

At length she started wearily homeward. Mrs. Preston and Edith had gone out to tea. She was thankful to be alone; and she made her headache an excuse for going immediately to her room.

She waited the coming of Sophie Catherwood with feverish impatience the next morning; and when it grew late, she tormented herself with a thousand fears. These people considered her a friendless orphan. She had never said so—but they had some way taken it for granted; and if they heard the truth now, would they not think her a base impostor? Oh, far better fly, than be disgraced before them all.

Sophie made her appearance in the gayest of spirits. They had been riding with Mr. Rutherford, and gone farther than they intended.

"But it was so delightful! Miss Mackenzie, if he were ten years younger, I believe I should envy my Cousin Eleanor!"

"Envy her?" Lucia repeated, in a vague manner.

"Yes. He is her affianced, you know."

"No; I did not."

The room swam round to Lucia Mackenzie. Her friend the husband of that haughty girl!

"Yes, it is rather odd. He was very generous to her some way about her fortune, and I suppose she fell in love with him. And yet I have a fancy that it isn't a very warm or extravagant love," Sophie ended, after some consideration.

Lucia silently pointed out several mistakes.

It was hardly strange that she had not heard. Frances Catherwood had been her only pupil until latterly, for the two younger ones were at school, and there had been no reason for discussing family affairs before her. She remembered now that they generally said "Eleanor's guardian."

The engagement appeared to her as incongruous. It was not such a one as she fancied Mr. Rutherford likely to make, and yet she confessed that her knowledge of the man was rather limited. And then she knew very little of the ways of society.

"And it's so singular that you should have been acquainted with him, Miss Mackenzie!" Sophie paused, with her finger poised over a key, and glanced around. "He was telling us last night."

"What?" she asked, almost hoarsely.

"How odd you are, Miss Mackenzie! Was he ever your lover? Oh, pardon me!"

The face was covered with blushes and contrition. She had asked the question in her eager, thoughtless way, and was both sorry and ashamed.

"No," Lucia returned in a cold, even tone. "We were the merest acquaintances. He gave me some useful hints concerning my future. This was before he went abroad, and I have not seen him since."

"I did not mean to offend you. It was unpardonably rude, and I am very sorry. Dear Miss Mackenzie, please forgive."

"I am not offended, but I should be sorry to have you so careless before your cousin or Mr. Rutherford. And now we will have a little better attention to the lesson."

Sophie soon recovered her wonted ease, but Miss Mackenzie was quiet to constraint.

"You are quite sure that you have forgiven me?" Sophie asked as she rose to go. "I'm sure that Mr. Rutherford is noble enough for any woman. I like him so much."

"Yes," was the brief answer; "and now let us dismiss the subject."

She watched the young girl out of sight before she turned. What was there in the thoughtless words to disturb her so much?

She had made her defence almost in the dark. Whether Mr. Rutherford had been questioned and what he had said were alike unknown to her, but she had counted strongly upon his loyalty. She shrank from facing him there at the Oaks, in the presence of others, and possibly his betrothed. Her very breath seemed to strangle her at the thought, and every pulse quivered in great, frightened bounds. It seemed as if she were waiting for judgment, for a summons that would bring her forth from her hiding place.

The right and wrong of her step she had never paused to consider. The life had become unendurable, and she had taken the sharp and perhaps doubtful remedy in her own hands. Those old days came back to her like a dream that she had striven, oh so hard to forget, and now for the first time she shuddered with a vague dread of the consequences of her rashness.

She brought her sewing to the sitting-room, as if she was fearful that her absence might awaken suspicion. A nameless terror struck at her very soul, and she seemed only to breathe on sufferance. What was there in the dark future for her?

Mrs. Preston chatted in her usual low, graceful fashion. Music, literature and art were her topics, for she was strongly interested in all three. But to-day her companion was silent. Edith had gone over to her aunt's, so they finished the morning alone. Dinner was quiet enough, and then Mrs. Preston retired for her customary rest.

"You do not look well to-day, my dear," she said kindly.

Lucia shrank from the sympathy that would have been so dear at any other time.

"I have a headache," she replied listlessly.

"You had better lie down and take a rest."

Instead she went to her room and changed her dress. A presentiment was strong upon her that Mr. Rutherford would make some effort to see her. She stationed herself by a window overlooking the road, and as the house stood on an eminence she could see the winding way for a long distance edging the waving fields and shadowy woods.

How long she watched she never remembered. One after another passed, and at last a familiar figure came sauntering slowly, casting an occasional glance toward the hill. She went down then, tied on her broad sunbat and left the house, for she must see him quite alone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Funny Fashion.

We see it stated that Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie—we think these include all the names that this lady has any right or title to at present—writes to the San Francisco Chronicle, vouchsafing the astounding intelligence that "English ladies of fashion and rank are in the habit of publishing their charms by having casts taken of their shapely legs, as ornaments for drawing-room tables, or to be sold for the benefit of the vendor of casts, or to be circulated among friends as delicate tokens of friendship and valuable works af art!"

Concerning this leg mania now afflicting the ladies of England, Mrs. Ritchie says: "What we are about to relate appears at the first blush so incredible, that we hold ourselves responsible for its exact truth. Upon the drawing-room table of a lady of rank in London—a lady of high position and irreproachable character—may be seen, beneath a glass case, a lovely dimpled little foot, delicate ankle and rounded calf, up to the knee-joint; it is the cast of the leg of Lady ———, the hostess!"

Mrs. Ritchie goes on to say:

"In Soho square, there is a small, rather humble-looking shop, in which you can purchase, for five shillings, a cast of one of the most exquisite of legs; the original (in the flesh) belongs to Lady —— de G—— and R., who went to this little shop incog., and had her perfect leg moulded, and afterwards generously gave the shopman the privilege of selling copies of the cast, which he does daily—for it was quickly discovered to whom the beauteous leg belonged!

"One lady, the wife of a Mayor of a town in the Provinces, came to London and had two casts taken of her leg—one nude, and one with the neat little shoe, stocking, and garter. Strange to say (though no artist will call it strange,) the leg with the stocking and garter produced an effect much further removed from modesty than the leg quite unclad. Brucciani, the cast-vender in Covent Garden, drives a brisk trade in casting ladies' legs—and has any quantity of models, of all descriptions, taken from life, and chiefly from noble life, for sale!"

☞ A clergyman in the West, being in want of a congregation to hear him preach, announced that a marriage would take place at the close of the service. The people came, the minister preached damnation to liars, and then announced that the marriage was an April joke.

☞ Schenck (Skenk) likes the income tax law, but it is as odious to the people as an animal whose name comes very near Schenck's.—*Boston Post.*

☞ The reported killing of Major Randall by Indians is personally contradicted by the reputed corpse; but, as we have no knowledge of the major's character, we cannot say how far his unsupported assertion should weigh against the statements of numerous newspapers in a matter in which his interest would naturally prompt him to take the most favorable view of his own case.—*N. Y. World.*

Advantages of the Free Vote.

All are Represented—The Best Men can be Elected—Freedom of Choice—Fewer Candidates—Less Expense—The Bloomsburg Election and What it Shows.

From the Bloomsburg Democrat, April 23.

Reformed voting has the following salutary effects, illustrated more or less fully at our late local election:

1. The expulsion of disfranchisement from popular elections. Men do not vote and lose their votes. They are not counted out—ostracised—deprived of all voice in their government. This injustice they have often suffered in both general and local elections, but will suffer no longer when reformed voting shall be established. How much of contentment and of increased attachment to Republican institutions must this one beneficent change produce!

2. The best men can be selected as candidates and elected. Availability—a mere capacity to get votes and often the worst votes in the community, the whiskey boys of saloons, the bigots of churches, the purchasable and the timid citizens—loses nearly all its importance in the selection of candidates. For the floating vote—the vote subject to influence—will no longer hold the balance of power between parties and control elections. The independent, upright citizen, unskilled in the corrupt devices of majority voting, can afford to be a candidate and can succeed in spite of the rogues and ruffians in his district. And in office he can defy them, for they will not hold his re-election and his future in their hands.

3. An unembarrassed and better selection can be made by the voter from among candidates. His freedom of choice will be a reality, and not a delusion. Even the degree of his preference for a candidate can be expressed by the free vote. He can give all his votes to one candidate; he may distribute them among candidates as he shall think fit. For the first time, the principle of self-government is to be realized in electoral action. The voter is to judge for himself, and not the law for him, how his votes shall be bestowed.

4. Under the free vote but few candidates at popular elections will be defeated and they and their friends mortified and soured for the future. But a single candidate for member of our town council underwent defeat at the late election, and the running of a surplus candidate arose out of particular circumstances, and was an exceptional case. Ordinarily there will be but six candidates instead of seven. But under the old plan of election there would have been at least twelve candidates, and six of them would have been defeated. Six beaten men in the community would have meant discontent, resentment, and retaliation hereafter. At all events, a reduction of nearly one-half in the number of candidates at elections would be highly advantageous and desirable.

5. Finally, the free vote strikes off two-thirds of the expense and consequent corruption of elections. It takes away most of the motive to corrupt voters, for under it the necessity of buying majorities will no longer exist and press upon parties and candidates.

We will conclude with a single additional remark. The free vote, in order to its complete operation—to its thorough renovation of our electoral system—must be applied to the nomination of candidates, as well as to their election; to the primary as well as to the legal elections. That it can be so applied with convenience, and effectually, we believe, will be proved at no distant day in this county of Columbia, which now enjoys the honorable distinction of having had held in her principal town the first truly republican, and entirely just, liberal, and reformed election, ever held in the United States—an election in which no man felt that he was stealing power from his neighbor, or that his neighbor was stealing power from him!

Terrible Accident.

A terrible disaster occurred at Richmond, Va., on the 26th. The Court of Appeals, in the Capitol building, was crowded to hear the decision in the Mayoralty case, and just as it was about to be delivered, the gallery and floor gave way, precipitating hundreds of persons into the Hall of Representatives below, where some members of the Legislature were awaiting a caucus. Fifty-eight persons were killed and nearly one hundred and twenty injured. Among the killed are E. M. Schofield, brother of Gen. Schofield, ex-rebel District Attorney Aylett, U. S. Marshal Foley, ex-rebel Gen. Thos. H. Wilcox, Col. Pichegrew, and Dr. J. Brock, of the Richmond Enquirer. Among the wounded are ex-Governor Wells, and ex-U. S. Representative Thomas J. Boocock, severely; Mayors Ellison and Cahoon, ex-rebel Gen. Corse, Judge Meredith, and ex-U. S. District Attorney Chandler.

An experienced architect has reviewed the plan of the Capitol building, and says that the girder which gave way was composed of two pieces of timber bolted together, making, when combined, an area of 13 by 20 inches. It was firmly supported by columns which were subsequently removed to improve the appearance of the hall of the House of Delegates. In the centre of the girder was a mortice which reduced the available strength to 9½ by 20 inches. The fatal error was in making interior changes without examining the girders with reference to their capacity to endure the new stress placed upon them.

The Murders by the Grecian Brigands.

The captured party consisted of five persons in all—Lord Doncaster, Mr. Herbert, an attache of the English legation, Mr. Lloyds, another Englishman, and Count Boyl, secretary of the Italian legation. Lord Doncaster made his escape during the retreat and communicated with the pursuing troops. The troops coming up with the brigands a fight ensued lasting an hour, when thirteen of the brigands being killed, the remainder retreated, carrying with them their captives.

As the pursuit was sharp, Mr. Herbert and Count Boyl became so utterly exhausted as to be unable to proceed, and were speared to death. On the fourth day the chase was continued with great vigor, when Mr. Vernon and Mr. Lloyds, sinking from exhaustion, were also brutally murdered.

At last accounts half of the gang had been overtaken, and of these seven had already been beheaded, and five would undoubtedly be executed. The excitement throughout Europe at this shocking event was intense.

☞ The Presbyterian Church at Wrightsville, Pa., was struck by lightning and burned recently. In old times such an event would have been thought a mark of God's displeasure.

Interesting News for the Ladies.

We read in the Paris correspondence of a daily contemporary:—"At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences the learned M. Feil exhibited several specimens of the new artificial 'precious' stones invented by Liebig's nephew. They are composed of mixtures of oxides of copper or of iron with other, or of compounds of brimstone and ether. M. Feil exhibited his false rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and topazes, side by side with the stones they imitate. If the eye can detect a difference, it is to the advantage of the former. Several artificers had been convoked by the *savants* who have taken the new paste under their protection. They admitted that in point of beauty the imitation stones come up to the real. But they also thought that the productions of the German chemist's crucible are wanting in hardness. Hereupon a discussion—Was not softness a desideratum? The harder the jewel, the harder to work it. The specialists consulted admitted their proposition, but some of them thought that precious stones, in which the fortunes of large houses are invested, in consequence of the new invention will become unfashionable. This is very bad news for ladies who have sunk large sums in what lawyers call paraphernalia; for, as our specialists argue, the value of rubies, topazes, sapphires, and emeralds is arbitrary. They are not so much valued for their intrinsic beauty as for their rarity; or, in other words, for the use they can be turned to in advertising the wealth of their possessors. What an admission! Jules Favre well said the other day, 'Who shall bring us back to the Greeks?' with whom certainly such a consideration would have had but little weight. We may well hope that true art will profit by this threatened depreciation of precious stones. I have seen in ball rooms the finest jewels in the world, and have long since come to the conclusion that, apart from their being a proclamation of what is in the strong box, they only serve to give prominence in the elderly to Time's ravages, and to cast into the shade the physical loveliness of fresh youth. Gems, that is to say precious stones, are in their true place when set in drinking cups and vases; but on the neck, and especially in the ear, of a fair woman, they are what the French call a *brutale* expression of wealth. Gold is the stuff on which the jeweller's taste should be chiefly brought to bear. From its great malleability, it is susceptible of expressing the artificer's finest fancies. It is to him what the waxen tablet was in the olden time to the author. However rudely worked, gold, from the softness of its color, also harmonizes with every dress or complexion. To form an idea of what can be done with this metal one should go to Damascus. I have lately seen a set of gold ornaments purchased there at a relatively low price. Small turquoises and seed pearls were sparingly used in them. But in point of artistic beauty, in richness of fancy, and delicacy of taste, they were as far above the blazing *parures* one sees at Court balls as the fairy cloisters of Saint Trophime are superior to the coarse Gothic architecture of a new West-end church."

Bad Accounts of Boston.

The consulting physicians of Boston lately made a report, which, according to the adage, "Misery loves company," ought to be a consolation to the people of Philadelphia. These gentleman state that in Boston there is still an average annual mortality of between 24 and 25 to the thousand of population, and that during the past ten years the chance of living has been not quite so good in that city, almost surrounded by the sea, with a population of 200,000, as in London, on the Thames, with a population of 3,000,000. The greater vital depression, caused by want and misery in that most vast of modern cities, seems to have been more than counteracted by the careful protection of public health. The following is an extract from their report:—"There are in all parts of Boston filthy back yards, alleys, and passage-ways, broken-down and overflowing vaults, and in the older portions disused wells and cisterns, which are receptacles for dirt. Offensive trades, like fat-melting and bone-boiling, were carried on in open vats in the midst of a crowded population. They should be compelled to use methods, tried and approved in New York, by which the sickening vapors may be entirely consumed. House offal or swill is allowed to become putrid before removal from the houses of the citizens."

We suppose that Boston is always so busy in attending to the affairs of the rest of the world, that it has no time to attend to its own affairs—and therefore the above bad exhibit.

The Guillotine.

No one will envy the task which two French surgeons lately set themselves of experimenting upon the severed head of a guillotined criminal, in order to test the truth of certain stories, lately revived, about dismembered faces showing signs of life. Yet it was well the work should be done, and the results obtained are valuable, as confirming former opinions upon the entire untruthfulness of the reported manifestations. The head examined was received from the executioner within five minutes of its severation, and the tests for symptoms of sensation were made immediately. The face was bloodless, the features were rigid, eyes open, mouth gaping, and the expression was one of stupor, *not of pain.* To ascertain if sense existed, the ear was cleansed and the name of the criminal was shouted into it; but no feature moved. Next ammonia was placed under the nose; there was no contraction of the nasal muscles. Then a candle was held close to the eyes; but neither this nor subsequent cauterizations by nitrate of silver caused the pupil to alter its condition. Evidently the brain was not susceptible of receiving and conveying impressions. All was dead. Electricity was applied, and it moved the facial muscles; but only on the side subjected to it, and it was quite evident that the brain had no connection with these actions; for afterwards the skull was sawn through and the brain removed, and yet the galvanic current excited the muscles to motion as before. The experimenters assert that the brain becomes insensible at the instant of execution, in consequence of the sudden arrest of circulation and the resulting syncope.

☞ In a village in Southern Missouri, a few days ago, a nice young man put a sheet around him to scare a Dutchman. The Teutonic gentleman says:—"I just jump off my wagon and vip der ghost all the time. I would vip him if he was a whole graveyard." Some one asked the young man what ailed his black eye, and he said he had received bad news from Germany.

INSANITY.

The poet Campbell wrote the following lines on a case of Insanity in his time. They were headed, "On a late Acquittal:"

Ye people of England, exult and be glad,
For ye're now at the will of the merciless mad.
Why say ye that but three authorities reign—
Crown, Commons and Lords? You omit the insane.

They're a privileged class, whom no statute controls,
And their murderous charter exists in their souls.
Do they wish to spill blood—they have only to pray
A few pranks—get asylum'd a month and a day—
Then heigh! to escape from the mad doctor's keys,
To pistol and stab whomsoever they please.

Now the dog has a human-like wit—in creation
He resembles most likely our own generation.
Then, if madmen, for murder escape with impunity,
Why deny a poor dog the same noble immunity?
So if dog or man bite you beware of being nettled,
For crime is no crime when the mind is unsettled.

Extracts of Emerson.

I hate this shallow Americanism which hopes to get rich by credit, to get knowledge by rape on midnight tables, to learn the economy of the mind by phrenology, or skill without study, or mastery without apprenticeship, or the sale of goods through pretending that they sell, or power through making believe you are powerful, or through a packed jury or caucus, bribery and "repeating" votes, or wealth by fraud. They think they have got it, but they have got something else—a crime which calls for another crime, and another devil behind that; these are steps to suicide, infamy, and the harming of mankind. We countenance each other in this life of show, puffing, advertisement and manufacture of public opinion; and excellence is lost sight of in the hunger for sudden performance and praise. The three practical rules, then, which I have to offer are:—1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like; or, in Shakespeare's phrase:

"No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

The respectable and sometimes excellent translations of Bohn's Library have done for literature what railroads have done for internal intercourse. I do not hesitate to read all the books I have named, and all good books, in translations. What is really best in any book is translatable—any real insight of broad human sentiment. Nay, I observe that, in our Bible, and other books of lofty moral tone, it seems easy and inevitable to render the rythm and music of the original into phrases of equal melody. The Italians have a fling at translators—*i traditori traduttori;* but I thank them. I rarely read any Latin, Greek, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book in the original, which I can procure in a good version. I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother-tongue.

Hindoo Theists.

The Brahmo-Samaj, a society of Hindoo reformers, who have renounced idolatry without accepting Christianity, has sent to England one of its prominent leaders, who recently preached in London before a congregation composed of members of both Houses of Parliament and of men of eminence in science and literature. On this occasion the preliminary devotional services were performed by Rev. James Martineau, the well-known Unitarian clergyman, and the Hindoo reformer then ascended the pulpit and preached from the text, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being"—arguing that God was near at hand influencing the life and conduct of men.

A Prospect for Overworked Housekeepers.

It is is said that electro-magnetism is now applied in England as the motive power for a sewing machine, with entire success. The expense of keeping a small battery in action is but trifling, and we see no reason why such a source of power should not be variously applied in households. It is admitted that women are injured by working the sewing-machine; and it would relieve them all and save the health of many if it could come into general use. Nor do we see any reason why the same power should not be applied to other branches of household work; to washing-machines and mangles; dumb-waiters and elevators; cradles, baby-jumpers and child's carriages. Here is a wide field for the ingenuity of our manufacturers; and they may be sure that a source of power so perfectly neat as this, so free from unpleasant heat and noise, and so easily and safely directed to any work required of it, needs only to become familiar in order to find favor with all men and women.

☞ A naval officer, just arrived in Washington from Yokohama, says it was ascertained there that Captain Eyre would have stopped his vessel after the collision with the Oneida but for the entreaties of Lady Temple, wife of the British Minister, who feared shipwreck. At Yokohama, Eyre was regarded as weak, rather than bad. The old story of foolish and unreasonable chivalry to woman over again.

☞ Let a young woman with no hair but her own, and that simply dressed, enter a room filled with those whose heads are elaborately built up with a profusion of purchased locks, and see who will be most admired. It is a great advantage for a woman, in these days of artifice, to remain herself, and thus be unlike every one else. A simple dress, white or black, will produce the greatest effect when surrounded by the most gorgeous costumes. These serve, as it were, as frames for the former, and women are often forced to confess that they have draped themselves magnificently, at an immense expense, for no other purpose than to heighten by contrast the beauty of a rival. In fact, they have been wearing a dress which is very becoming to—others.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ The English Royal Humane Society has given its silver medal this year to Lord Walter Kerr, commander of the Hercules iron-clad. One of his men fell overboard in the Tagus, and, striking his head into the chains, was stunned. Lord Kerr, seeing that he could not be saved if he waited for a boat to be lowered, sprung from the bulwark of the ship—a height of thirty feet—into the stream, and swam to the seaman, whom he succeeded in holding above water for ten minutes of terrible endurance until the ship's boat reached them, and took up the commander and his man nearly dead.

☞ Dr. Newman's new book, "The Grammar of Assent," is said to have cost the author more time and labor than any of his previous works. "The Grammar of Assent," as a wit lately remarked, "ought to be a work of a very high order!"

☞ Col. Higginson, in his recent book, gives the following sentence from a patriotic speech made by an enthusiastic negro:—"But we'll neber desert de ole flag, boys, neber. We hab lib under it for eighteen hundred and sixty-two years, and we'll die for it now."

☞ Wyoming nurses calm the rising generation by singing:—

"Nice little baby, don't get in a fury,
'Cause mamma's gone to sit on the jury."

☞ We hear of a new invention which consists of a ball of 200 pounds; inside this ball is a species of cannon, which contains a ball, and when the first ball has gone five miles the cannon fires off an interior ball, which goes another five miles.

☞ At a recent Episcopal Church Fair in New York City, for the benefit of a charitable institution called the Sheltering Arms, a watch was given to the minister having the highest number of votes. Rev. Dr. Weston, Assistant Minister of Trinity parish, was the lucky man. The vote was as follows: Rev. Dr. Weston, 1,804; Dr. Conrad, 865; Dr. Washburn, 463; Dr. Potter, 301; Pope Pius IX, 444; Scattering, 393.

☞ INTERNAL REVENUE ANSWERS.—Last year the internal revenue assessors got some funny answers to the questions printed on their blanks. For instance, to the question, "Had your wife any income last year?" one person replies: "Yes, one boy." Another, "An impertinent question, but no!" A third, "Her husband's love, and as much money from him as she wants, but no other income." Fourth, "Yes, twins—both well; willing to be taxed for *them!*"

☞ The experimental brig Novelty, constructed simply as an iron tank, to hold molasses in bulk, arrived in Boston from Matanzas the other day, discharged her cargo of 88,000 gallons by means of pumps and hose direct into the reservoir of a refinery, was refilled with Cochituate water, shipped a new crew, got ready for sea, and actually departed within 27 hours from the time of her arrival.

☞ Tea is now brought from Japan to New York, across the continent, in thirty-eight days—twenty-six days for five thousand miles across the Pacific, and twelve days for three thousand three hundred miles across the land by railway.

☞ The Government engineers say that the surveys indicate that Blossom Rock, at San Francisco, has been utterly demolished by the recent blast, and thrown in all directions. The soundings gave thirty-eight feet of water over its sides at low tide.

☞ A lady in Michigan has recently recovered her reason after having been insane twenty-three years. The interval has been a blank, but she remembers vividly whatever occurred before it, and sadly puzzles her new friends by her stories of "what occurred a few weeks ago."

Waltham Watches,
IN 2-OZ. CASES,
For Merchants, Clerks, and Professional Men.

Waltham Watches,
IN 3-OZ. CASES,
For Farmers, Carpenters, and other Mechanics.

Waltham Watches,
IN 4-OZ. CASES,
For Mariners, Soldiers, and Expressmen.

Waltham Watches,
IN 5 OZ. CASES.
For Conductors, Engineers, and Baggagemen.

Waltham Watches.
IN 6-OZ. CASES.
For Miners, Lumbermen, and Stage Drivers.

Waltham Watches,
IN 8-OZ. CASES.
For all who wish something VERY substantial.

All the above are described in our price list. Write for it as follows:

Messrs. HOWARD & CO., No. 785 Broadway, N. Y.: Please send me your illustrated price list of WALTHAM WATCHES, as per advertisement in THE EVANGELIST.

SIGN NAME AND ADDRESS IN FULL.

And you will receive it, post-paid, by return mail. It gives all the information you desire, and explains our plan of sending Watches by Express without any risk to the purchaser.

HOWARD & CO.,
785 Broadway, New York,
(Formerly of No. 619 Broadway).
my7-3t

LOOK! LOOK!—My French Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 5 for $1. Address JAGGERS & MISSELL, 1020 Brooklyn St., St. Louis, Mo.

A GREAT STEP IN ADVANCE.—Mason & Hoadly's New Method for the piano forte. It is a great book; new, original to a large extent, complete as a whole and in each of its parts, and eminently practical throughout. It is received with the greatest interest and approbation, and has already been adopted in all their teaching by many who have heretofore been unwilling to use any instruction book. Published with both American and European fingering in separate editions. Price $4. Sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

30 CARDS, with your name and address printed on them, and sent, post-paid, for 25 cents.
Address S. C. PEART,
Pearls Eddy, Pa.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.
Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00.
Address F. P. BOWEN,
jan27-tf Box 926, Boston, Mass.

"LIQUORS" Without Distillation. Send 10 cents to BIRD, Port Deposit, Maryland.
mar12-3m

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1869.

Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu, in vacuo, Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle), leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœa, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exist. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation,
With a feeling of confidence,
I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist of 18 Years' Experience.

[From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.]

NOVEMBER 4, 1856.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupied the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown Streets, Philadelphia.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, for weakness arising from indiscretion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms, among which will be found, Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Wakefulness, Horror of Disease, or Forebodings of Evil; in fact, Universal Lassitude, Prostration, and inability to enter into the enjoyments of society.

The constitution, once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or insanity ensues.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT of BUCHU, in affections peculiar to Females, is unequalled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulceration or Schirrus State of the Uterus, and all complaints incident to the sex, or the decline or change of life.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU and IMPROVED ROSE WASH will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury, in all these diseases.

Use HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU in all diseases of those organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, "immediate" in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken-down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect the bodily health and mental powers.

All the above diseases require the aid of a Diuretic. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is the great Diuretic.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. PRICE.—$1.25 per bottle, or six bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address
H. T. HELMBOLD,
DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE,
No. 594 Broadway, New York.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN STEEL ENGRAVED WRAPPER, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed
H. T. HELMBOLD.
feb19-cowly

APRIL, 1870.

OPENING.
OF THE
SPRING TRADE
IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
THIS MONTH,
Open to the people the
GRANDEST STOCK
OF
Fine Clothing for Men and Boys
THAT
Oak Hall Has Ever Contained.

Since last Fall we have secured the two large lots adjoining us, and have erected upon them an iron-front building, equal in size to our former building, making

Oak Hall Twice as Large as Before,
In order to accommodate the
GREAT MASS OF PEOPLE
Who have become our customers.

☞ We invite all our customers, with their neighbors and friends, to pay us an early visit, to examine our

MAMMOTH BUILDINGS,
AND TO INSPECT OUR
MAMMOTH STOCK.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL
CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
Nos. 530, 532, 534, 536 Market Street, and Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, and 13 South Sixth St.,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Send your Orders if you can't come. ☜
ap9-4t

The celebrated IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, "Collins Metal" (Improved Oroide.) These justly celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time and as imitations of Gold Watches is so well established as to require no recommendations. Prices:—Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, $15, equal in appearance and for time to gold ones costing $150. Those of extra fine finish, $20, equal to $200 gold ones. We are also making an extra heavy and extra fine watch, full-jeweled patent lever, equaling in appearance a $250 gold watch. For these magnificent watches we charge only $25. All our watches fully guaranteed by special certificate. All our watches are in hunting cases, gents' and ladies' sizes. Chains, Collins Metal, $2 to $8. Also, all kinds of Jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

The Collins Metal is the best imitation of gold we have seen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction.—*N. Y. Times.*

One of the $20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

TO CLUBS.—Where Six watches are ordered at one time, we send a Seventh watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
ap2 3m No. 335 Broadway, New York.

MORO PHILLIPS'
GENUINE IMPROVED
Super Phosphate of Lime,
Standard guaranteed, Reduced in price, and improved in quality by the addition of potash.
Price $52.00 per ton, 2000 lbs. Discount to dealers.
Also PURE PHUINE, superior to Peruvian Guano. Patented April 29, 1860. Price, $52.00 per ton, 2000 pounds. Discount to dealers. For sale at Manufacturer's Depots, 110 South Delaware Avenue, 5 doors below Chestnut, Philadelphia, Pa., and 95 South Street, Baltimore, Md., and by dealers in general throughout the country.
MORO PHILLIPS,
mar26-3m Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.

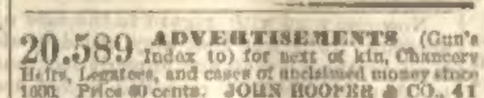
20,589 ADVERTISEMENTS (Gun's Index to) for next of kin, Chancery Heirs, Legatees, and cases of unclaimed money since 1600. Price 60 cents. JOHN HOOPER & CO., 41 Park Row, New York. ap16-13t

WONDER! WONDER!—My Magic Compound will force the head to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, thick and heavy in every case, in 21 days, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 5 for $1. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Box 2743, St. Louis, Mo. ap16-4t

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.—A large 40-column paper, *Ledger size*, illustrated. Devoted to sketches, poetry, wit, humor, *genuine* fun, nonsense (not a sensible kind), and to the exposure of swindling, humbugs, &c. Only 75 cents a year, and a superb engraving "Evangeline," 14x18 feet, *gratis*. 30,000 circulation. *Money refunded to all who ask it.* It is wide-awake, fearless, truthful. Try it now. 75 cts. a year. Specimens FREE. Address "*BANNER*," Hinsdale, N. H. ap16-4t

FOWLE'S PILE and HUMOR CURE. *Warranted a perfect CURE for all kinds of PILES, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, and all diseases of the SKIN and BLOOD.* Entirely vegetable. In case of failure, please send and get your money. No failures for 18 years. Over 16,000 certificates on hand. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston. Sold everywhere. $1 a bottle. *Send for Circulars.* ap16-4t

Husband's Calcined Magnesia
is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.
The World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philadelphia.
feb26-3m



BOOSEY & CO'S CHEAP MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS. Something to suit everybody musically inclined. Some of these works have reached the enormous sale of 100,000 copies. For sale at all book and music stores in the United States and Canadas. A new catalogue free.
BOOSEY & CO.,
No. 644 Broadway, N. Y.
Sole Agents for Distin's Brass Musical Instruments.
mar19-4t

COLOR IN DRESS.
A MANUAL FOR LADIES.
All who would dress in the best taste, and choose colors suited to their complexions, should possess this book. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents.
GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher,
ap30-4t 719 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

RUPTURE
RADICALLY CURED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, ARTISTIC SURGEON, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his office, 697 **BROADWAY, cor. 4th St.**, New York.
The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the treatment and cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S. as principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.
None of the pains and injuries, resulting from the use of other Trusses, are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or in the inventions of any other person in the United States.
Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after treatment and cure mailed on receipt of TEN cents.
jc19-1y

ONE MILLION ACRES OF CHOICE IOWA LANDS
For sale, at $3 per acre and upwards for cash, or on credit by the **Iowa Railroad Land Co.** Railroads already built through the lands, and on all sides of them. Great inducements to settlers. Send for our free pamphlet. It gives prices, terms, location; tells who should come West, what they should bring, what it will cost; gives plans and elevations of 18 different styles of ready-made houses, which the Company furnish at from $250 to $4,000 ready to set up. Maps sent if desired. Address
W. W WALKER,
ap30-4t **Vice President, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.**

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
SECRETS OF INTERNAL REVENUE:
EXPOSING.
The Whiskey Ring, Gold Ring, and Drawback Frauds, divulging systematic *Robbery of the Public Treasury*, Organized Depredations, Conspiracies and Raids on the Government—Official Turpitude, Malfeasance, Tyranny and Corruption—The most *Startling, Fascinating, Instructive and Important Book* yet published. Containing authentic facts, indisputable evidence, sworn testimony, complete and accurate details.
Legislators, Farmers, Merchants, Mechanics, every Citizen and Taxpayer, are directly interested in the Stratagems, Artifices, Machinations, and *Crimes of Corrupt Politicians, Illicit Distillers, Gold Gamblers, Drawback Forgers, and crafty Manufactors.* Published in one attractive volume, about 500 well-filled pages, with spirited illustrations. Price low to suit the times, $3. Sold by subscription only. Send for circular and special terms
WM. FLINT, Publisher,
feb19-3m Philadelphia, Pa.

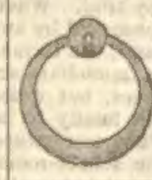
AGENTS WANTED FOR
"WONDERS OF THE WORLD."
OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS.
The largest, best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. Send for circulars, with terms, at once. Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York, 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ills., and 177 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio. ap2-3m

ANNOUNCEMENT!
Rev. Daniel March, D. D.,
author of "*Night Scenes in the Bible*," one of the most popular books in the language, has just completed a new book in his clear and sparkling style, to be issued on fine rose-tinted paper with beautiful steel engravings. 60,000 of the former work sold in a few months, and this promises to be even more popular. Clergymen, teachers, and energetic young men and ladies wanted in every township to act as agents, on very liberal terms. Send name and address for circular to ZEIGLER, McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., Cincinnati, Ohio, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., or Springfield, Mass. feb19-3m

AGENTS WANTED for our Great Household Work
OUR HOME PHYSICIAN!
A New Handy-Book of Family Medicine. By Dr. BEARD, of the University of the City of New York, assisted by medical professors in the various departments. Three years devoted to its preparation. Quackery and humbuggery exposed. Professors in our leading medical colleges testify that it is the best family doctor book ever written. Outfit and sample free to agents. H. B. TREAT & CO., Pubs.,
mh19-3t 654 Broadway, N. Y.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.
We will send a handsome prospectus of our *NEW ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE* to any book agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. mar19-3m

AGENTS.—ORoide GOLD.—AGENTS, $20 a day made easy. Oroide Gold Pat. Fountain Pen. Is indestructible. Writes 4 pages with one dip. *Sells at sight*—looks like 16-karat gold. Sample box, 12 pens, for 25 cents, post-paid; also other novelties. CITY NOVELTY CO., 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa. mar19-3m



WENTWORTH'S PATENT
KEY RING & CHECK COMBINED
Sample 25 cents. STAFFORD MANUFACTURING CO., 60 Fulton St., New York, Wholesale Agents.
Stencil and Key Check Outfit.
Circulars free. feb26-3m

$60 A WEEK paid agents in a new business. Address Saco Novelty Co., Saco, Me. ap16 13t

$20 A DAY MADE AT HOME.—20 entirely new articles for agents. Samples sent free. Address "THE STAR," Vernon, New Jersey. feb26-12t

THE SURPRISE SEWING MACHINE.
PRICE $5.00.
A new invention; makes a beautiful and strong seam. Any one can use it. A liberal discount to agents. Union Sewing Machine Co., 234 Broadway, New York. ap16-4t

THE MAGIC EGG.—Agents wanted. Sample and terms mailed on receipt of 10 cents. Address W. EARL, 26 Laight St., New York. feb12-3m

AGENTS, SOMETHING NEW.—Fountain Pens, will write a letter with one dip of ink, sample box, 25 cents; Eraser, Pencil Sharpener and Pen Holder combined, sample 30 cents; Oroide Gold Diamond-Pointed Pens, warranted for one year, sample 50 cents; all varieties of steel and other Pens; Oroide Gold Pen, warranted non-corrosive, to agents 75 cents per gross, retail at $3, sample gross by mail 60 cents. Circulars free. Morse Fountain Pen Company, No., 413 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. ap22-3m

WANTED.—☞ 100,000 Laboring Men and women to labor at their homes or travel, part of the time. Will send a sample free. A. B. CLARK & CO., Pittsburg, Pa. ap23-4t

OUR PET SEWING MACHINE
Will do as good work as any $75 machine. Call and see it, or send stamp for circular. Price $5. Agents wanted. Terms liberal.
PET SEWING MACHINE CO.,
ap23-3m 7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

NEW BOOK.—Agents sell 100 per week. Price $3. Address L. STEBBINS, Hartford, Ct. ap30-4t

BIG PROFITS to Agents on a new Illustrated Book. Send stamp for circulars. J. B. BURR & CO., Hartford, Conn. ap30-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR
THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMAN.
THIRTIETH THOUSAND NOW READY.
BY GEO. H. NAPHEYS, M. D.

The most remarkable success of the day. Is selling with unprecedented rapidity. It contains what every man and woman ought to know, and few do. It will save much suffering. As the only reputable work upon the single and married life, it is earnestly recommended by Prof. Wm. A. Hammond, Prest. Mark Hopkins, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Bushnell, Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M. D., Prof. H. N. Eastman, etc. Being eagerly sought for, the agent's work is easy. Send stamp for pamphlet, etc., to
GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher,
719 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
3 School St., Boston, Mass.
ap30-4t 85 Nassau St., New York.

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.LIMB CO.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed.
oct30-1y

200 ACRES IN SEEDS.
Full assortment of the choicest varieties of
Garden, Field and Flower Seeds.
Our own growth. Send for New Descriptive Catalogue gratis. Seeds sent by mail.
COLLINS, ALDERSON & CO.,
1111 and 1113 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Seed farms near Haddonfield, N. J. feb26-3m

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT?
An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 50 cents and stamp envelope, send a written destiny. News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D, New York. dec11-6m

VINEGAR, HOW MADE FROM Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn. aug21-1y

HEALTH FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—I will send *free* to invalids full directions how to prepare from a *common plant* a certain cure for *Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh*, etc. Address DR. PALMER, Lock Box P, Brooklyn, New York. feb12-3m

THE RAGE OF THE DAY.—The Magic Tube just from Paris is without a rival in creating for all intense amusements at weddings, parties, and family circles. Its wonderful operations are viewed with astonishment and mirth, while possessing the power of the microscope, and music to astonish and entertain. It is cheap and durable. Sent *free* in a neat compact case complete for 50 cents; 3 for $1.25. BROWN BRO'S., 34 Liberty St., New York city. ap30-4t

Lobstein's Quintessence of Jamaica Ginger.
This preparation contains the active medicinal properties of pure white Jamaica Ginger, and is the most desirable of any ever offered to the public. An admirable remedy for indigestion, colic, dyspepsia, etc. Unsurpassed as a family medicine. To the aged and convalescents it is an excellent tonic and stimulant. To the traveller it is invaluable, preventing the deleterious effects so often produced by change of water. The inebriate who wishes to reform will find in this a most valuable aid. Prepared by J. F. D. LOBSTEIN, Pharmaceutist, Sag Harbor, New York. Sold by Druggists generally throughout the United States.
Wholesale Agent, JOHN P. HENRY,
ap30-6m No. 9 College Place, New York.

LADIES' GEM.
A combination of Scissor Sharpener, Ripper and Button Hole Cutter, and also convenient as a Pencil Sharpener and Nail Cleaner. Suitable for the Work Basket, Porte-monnaie, or Vest Pocket. Price 25 cts., sent by return mail. Package of half dozen for $1.
JOHN B. ALDEN & CO.,
ap30-6m Chicago, Ills.

GREENBACKS.—For circulars, particulars, &c., enclose stamp, and address B. BREWER, Biddeford, Maine. ap30-3t

SPARKLING BEAUTIES are ladies' and gents' "*Lone Diamond Pins.*" Samples sent by mail for 50c. Address B. FOX & CO., Station A, New York. oct30-1y

WIT AND HUMOR.

David Young's Almanac.

This publication was of the old school, which predicted the weather; and these predictions, says the N. Y. Observer, "were, of course, as often wrong as true."

David Young's Almanac, year after year, had a great popularity in New Jersey, where the weather prophet lived and died. It is reported of him that one warm, bright summer day he was riding on horseback through a country road, with which he was not familiar, and, being in doubt, he stopped and asked a man if this was the road to Morristown. "Yes," said the farmer at work near the fence in the field, "but you must make haste, or you will get a wet jacket." David saw no signs of rain, and being wise as to weather, jogged on without fear. Soon a summer cloud darkened the sky, and down came a shower of rain which made the almanac man scud for shelter. Here was something for him to learn. The shower over, he remounted and retraced his steps to the prophetic farmer. Finding him, thus spake David:—

"My friend, I have come back to ask you for your sign of rain. I am in the weather line myself, and will give you a dollar if you will explain to me the secret, for I am sure you must know more about it than I do."

"Give me the dollar," said the farmer; and, taking it, he proceeded—

"Well, you see, all about here we take David Young's almanac, and whenever he says 'look out now for rain,' we know it's going to be 'fair;' and when he says 'fair,' we know it will rain sure. Now, this morning, I was looking in the almanac, and it said for to-day, 'Fair weather;' so I knew for sartin it would rain afore night."

David Young hit his horse with the switch and rode away—a sadder but not a wiser man.

Faith in Miracles.

In Zanesville, Ohio, there are many colored persons who live by barbering and other light work. They are for the most part an orderly and quiet people, many of them religious, having a church of their own and an ebony minister, of all which they are justly proud. One cold evening in the time of a great revival in the church, this ebony expounder was delivering a powerful appeal on "faith," the groans and sobs of his hearers giving token of his effect upon their irrepressible natures. The tears stood upon his dark cheeks, his voice quivered like distant thunder, while he emphasized his words by vigorous blows upon the table. In the midst of all this, the stove, agitated by his jarring blows, rolled over the floor. Brother Lewis, the high man of the church, had located himself near the comforter of shins. He stood irresolute, when the voice of his minister came to him, laden with faith, "Pick up the stobe, Brudder Lewis—pick up the stobe—de Lord won't let it burn you!" Brother Lewis's mind was filled up with the miracles of faith he had heard that evening, so he took hold of the hot stove, but dropped it instantly, and turning his reproachful eyes to the disciple of faith, replied, "De debbie he won't!"—*Investigator.*

How to Manage Mistakes.

As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, said the minister to the lawyer:

"Sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading?"

"I do," said the lawyer.

"And what do you do with the mistakes?" inquired the minister.

"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer.

"And pray, sir," continued he, "do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"And what do you do with the mistakes?"

"Why, sir, I dispose of them in the same manner you do—I rectify the large ones, and pass the small ones. Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of *liars;* but made a mistake, and said the father of *lawyers.* The mistake was so small that I let it go."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—It is curious to observe how one's habits of thought constantly break out and exhibit themselves in whatever he does or says. In one of the colleges, it was customary for the professors to take turns in making the chapel prayers. Once upon an occasion, this duty fell upon the learned professor of chemistry, and the students were astonished to hear him introduce an illustration thus: "Thou knowest, oh, Lord, that for tipping lightning rods, silver is better than platinum—so is the mind touched by Thy grace made most ready to receive the principles of science!" On another occasion the mathematical professor asked "Divine goodness to enable us to know its length, its depth, its breadth, and superficial contents!"

IN PURSUIT OF LIGHT.—When Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel were together, they had frequent literary disputes; and on one occasion, after they had retired to bed, they entered into a squabble about a certain passage of one of their schoolbooks, and having risen to examine the authorities in their possession, they set the bed-clothes on fire, and nearly burned their father's dwelling. On being questioned the next morning in regard to the accident, Daniel remarked, "That they were in pursuit of light, but got more than they wanted."

UNFORTUNATE!—One day, at a dinner given by M. Erlach, an officer named Combault was boasting of his own valor. They were all, in fact, talking about what constitutes real courage. Said Combault, hitting his bosom and looking about him, "I call *myself* a brave man, messieurs, because I can show my wounds. They are all over my body. I am not afraid of death, then, you may suppose. Look at my cheek—a bullet went in here and grazed my tongue."

"What a pity," whispered Chateauvillard, that it only *grazed* it!"

A NOSE.—The late Mr. Thackeray had a nose of most peculiar shape, as may be seen by his portrait. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglas Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thackeray's religious opinions were unsettled—and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism. "To Romanism!" exclaimed Jerrold. "Let us hope she'll begin with his nose."

A BRIDAL TOUR—AT SEA.

BRIDE.—"I think—George, dear—I should—be better—if we walked about—"

HUSBAND (one wouldn't have believed it of him.)—"You can do as you like, love. I'm very well (!) as I am!!"

The School Family.

We would like to see the *plan* of the schools of the Stoics, Cynics, etc., introduced to-day. The pictures of those old philosophers, engaged in the animated discussion of vital principles, affords the true model upon which to conduct a modern school recitation. They stood, like children, at the portals of knowledge; and, like them, gazed with curious wonder at the mysterious symbols which adorned the temple within. With the natural instinct and action of the young, they caught up the true methods of study. They really taught the only logical, legitimate mode of imparting instruction. By calm debate and the critical test and comparison of individual merits, they developed all the latent energy of their minds. It was theirs to refute or establish under wise, clear-headed, dispassionate guidance. They were a band of united disciples, engaged in the emulous pursuit of learning under the tutorship of a beloved master and intellectual superior. Through personal contact and mutual correction they developed strength.

How shall this system of education be so adjusted, with all due reference to the difference in age and circumstances, as to meet the wants of pupils in our public schools? The old humdrum methods of question and answer, and ding-dong interludes of authority, do not answer. The etiquette of the school-room must be observed, and a scholarly dignity and pride acquired. The school building must be a delightful resort to visitors, and not a place of dullness and headache. Scholars must feel responsible for conduct and recitation, not only to the teacher, but to one another. They must pay proper deference to the feelings and opinions of both. When all these conditions exist, you will have the School Family, or the true school. We enumerate some of the means necessary to be taken.

One, and an all-important one, is class criticism. Men know little of it. Says the Boston Evening Transcript of Nov. 23d, "It is adopted wherever understood; but alas! it is not generally understood. It ought to be the normal method everywhere. Would college professors but learn of it, they would convert their recitation-rooms into arenas of exciting debate, where they would only stand as umpires, and, like speakers of the house, with gavels knock to order."

Beautiful in theory, its perfect adaptability to practice is proved by trial. When a scholar makes a mistake observed by another, the latter raises his hand, the former addresses him. Perhaps an immediate acknowledgment of error ensues, but quite likely an animated discussion finally to be decided by the teacher. What can exceed that beautiful picture of the school-room, when two youthful orators debate with flushed cheeks until one convinced, acknowledges, "I think I was wrong!" In this way a recitation takes on the form rather of a parlor conversation, at once spirited and dignified. No visitor can tire. He sees the scholars weighed before him as in a balance. The one of greater weight and attainments goes down, while the other hits the beam. The failures of a class become its glories; for every display of ignorance, affords an opportunity for the display of the brightest talents. A faulty memory or a faulty judgment in one, calls for the exercise of faculties in another that err not. As upon a plain of burning brush, the flames are extinguished here and kindled there, so in the school-room, the dullness of the sluggish mind is relieved by the brightness of the active intellect. *The scholars try to do their best.* This is the result of the system of class criticism as seen in the actual experience of its practical operation. It awakens ambition, it stimulates thought. The better half of the class strive to win greater honors, and the poorer to suffer less disgrace. In this hive of activity no drone will stay; and the lash applied at his departure by some neighbor's son or daughter, will cut deep. If the drone remain, he will not remain a drone.

The character of the criticism may be infinitely varied. The correction, instead of being direct, may be put into the form of a question, "Why is this?" or "What is this?" so as completely to draw out the mind of the pupil. A particular scholar may be appointed to correct another, or selected for a teacher of the whole. In both cases he should be marked down for all mistakes the others correct *over* him. Indeed, a rigid system of marking, always open to the inspection of the scholar, best accompanies class criticism—a system in which every mistake and every correction is recorded, or by perpendicular and horizontal marks.

Class criticism fails unless the *teacher* is master of the situation. He must carefully prepare every lesson. He is the referee, and must stand before his scholars as a respected authority and an admirable critic. He will accomplish nothing without work.

For the success of the School Family, the etiquette, the graces, and the urbanity of the school-room must be cultivated. The general idea of the writer will be understood without an explanation.

Lastly, let the school-room, as well as the church, be beautified and adorned. Where there are flowers and paintings, and perhaps birds and fountains, we look for the School Family.—*Maine Journal of Education.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Care of Animals.

The exhilaration of a strong, healthy, well fed animal in the exercise of his strength, is, is not easy for man to conceive or understand. This is the animal's glory and enjoyment. And he only needs encouragement from a kind master, to make his work a joy to him, when performed under conditions of health and strength. I have seen with admiration a noble and imposing yoke of oxen stand waiting for their opportunity to make a trial of their strength, while their competitors failed, having in their very port and mein, an air of triumph, seeming to say—"Only let us take hold of that load and see what we will do with it." I have seen the horse apparently conscious of his powers, waiting for his chance to display his speed, more eager for the fray than his driver. There is no end to the triumphant exultation of an animal that is well fed and well cared for, and placed in immediate sympathy with his owner or attendant. The obedience and sympathy existing between man and animals in the mutual efforts in life are mysterious and known only to those who are familiar with them. That mercy which feeds and cares for an animal with judgment and skill, is the mercy which is most warmly recognized, and is that form of humanity which makes labor light, and relieves almost all the suffering incident to the animal's subjugation. But the prolonged weary distress which attends starvation and neglect, or the mistaken kindness of injudious feeding, exhausting the animal powers, and converting all effort into pain, is the refinement of cruelty, and should be prevented, as you would prevent the merciless lash from wounding, or the overcrowded car from its savage work of destruction.

Now one word with regard to the care of animals. It is true that they will defy almost anything if well and properly fed; but to them comfortable rest and repose are hardly of secondary importance. The main point in their care is to give them as easy a position during their hours of rest as possible. It is inhuman and cruel to place them in an uncomfortable position during their hours of idleness—those hours in which they are to renew their strength for your own purposes. Give every animal, then, a comfortable position and an easy place to stand or recline in. For horses, give them if possible a comfortable box and a level floor. The exposure of an open stall is great. The discomfort to the animal must be apparent. The toil of a declining floor, to the weary animal which stands upon it can hardly be measured. The damage of plank floors to a horse's feet is incalculable. A good box and a level floor of brick or stone, will always insure rest, and will promote a soundness of foot which no farrier can destroy, and a soundness of limb which no work can break down. Rough roads and badly paved streets are matters of comparative indifference, when you provide good stalls and appropriate food.—*Dr. George B. Loring.*

Surface or Mulch Manuring.

For the reason that Nature applies her fertilizers upon the surface and does not plough them under, it is about time that agriculturists should consider whether they or Nature are right when they differ so radically in their practice.

Does Dame Nature make a mistake when she sets out to enrich a continent, by spreading dead leaves, and twigs, and trunks, and grasses, and *weeds* over the whole surface for years and years and thousands of years. Does Nature mistake when she interposes a leaf before the beating rain drops, and saves the earth from being pounded into the semblance of a brick—keeps the soil light and porous that the air carrying its ammonia and its carbonic acid may penetrate to the waiting roots below? Is she going wrong when she lays a mat of decaying humus over the soil, and only allows the searching June sun to get to the earth as a gentle heat, incapable of drying up the moisture held there by the mulch? Or are *we* wrong when we hide away our fertilizers at the bottom of a furrow, and leave the surface bleak and bare, to be beaten down with the rain, and baked with the sun, and in the condition to refuse the good gifts which the air is willing to yield up to a moist and porous soil?—*H. H. McAfee,* in *Western Farmer.*

How Shall we Dispose of our Wool?

This question is answered by a lady correspondent in the Western Rural, in a way so sensible and practical that we transfer her communication entire into our columns, and we bespeak attention to it from our readers. Large clips could not well be disposed of in the same way, but what, we ask, is to hinder thousands of holders of small fine flocks from following this excellent example, and extending it to the manufacture of more diversified products? All praise to the Minnesota lady, whose pen is as pointed as her fingers are diligent. She reminds us of a picture which will be found drawn at full length in chap. xxxi. of Proverbs. Here is her article:—

"The first question in farm management, which was forced upon me last spring, was, what shall I do with my wool clip?

"I went to the dealers. They would pay me for the clip provided it was well washed, nicely put up, the bucks' fleeces deducted, twenty-eight to thirty cents. But there was an infinite number of provisos, which I could not be sure of meeting. On the whole, I concluded I might about as well have left the wool where it grew.

"Why not work it up? said I to myself. That was the way my mother did. The wool was of the finest quality, and would make delectable blankets, and all manner of flannels, nicer and more durable than could be bought. But then the difficulties seemed insurmountable. After much looking about, I concluded that the manufacture of stockings would be the easiest and most profitable way for disposing of the troublesome product.

"The wool was sent unwashed to the woolen mills; 200 pounds producing 100 pounds of yarn, and some dozen pounds of woollen batts. The batts were made from the short and dead wool assorted from the lot.

"I sent for a knitting machine, and taught myself to use it. With it, knitting is a recreation. When the hard work is done in-doors and out, it is a rest to sit down to my 'rattle-trap,' as Charley terms it, and run off my fifteen hundred stitches in a minute. I never found work I liked so well. But, best of all, it pays. I have made two dollars a day on it. The socks, stockings, and mittens, I turn off at the odd minutes, meet our current family expenses. Our wheat was threshed too late to be thrown upon the market when prices ruled high. We do not need to sell now, for our knitter supports us. The tremendous decline in the great staple may teach us all the importance of mixed husbandry, and a mixed industry as well. Crowding the work of the year into three months, and idling the remaining nine, was never wise. This year it has been disastrous in the extreme.—*Mrs. E. B., Minneiska, Minn.*"

The Tomato—And its Culture.

This fruit, long known as "the love apple," and said to have come from the far south, has rapidly gained favor wherever grown. It is susceptible of great improvement, though it has generally received less attention than most garden vegetables. While under careful culture they have been long in reaching their present state, the tomato has been a comparatively short time under culture, and yet, nature has done so much for it that it already holds high rank among our finest fruits of the garden. Many medical men claim for it valuable hygienic qualities, and the human system—that most perfect of all laboratories—has confirmed the decision. It is delicately acid, cooling and healthful. In hot weather our children seize the golden "love apples" and quench their thirst, while we all use them at our tables.

Since this fruit must be brought to perfection, why grow coarse, unsightly, spongy, ill-flavored tomatoes, when by attending to a few simple, but important things, the finest qualities may be had?

A great deal might be said on varieties; but after having tried the most popular ones the writer now grows "Lester's Perfected Tomatoes" in preference to all others.

Pruning.—As the greater part of the fruit on the tomato vine is borne near the ground it will be found that the shortening of the vines will cause nutrition to flow to fruit instead of making branches. Don't be afraid to cut out all suckers and non-bearing branches, and to shorten those that wander. The writer knows that the advantages of pruning are questioned by some, but he has learned by experience, whatever may be the *rationale* of the matter, the results are in favor of rather *severe* pruning.

Keeping the Fruit Clean.—The fruit may be kept clean and prevented from premature decay by spreading brush, salt hay, or other such material under the vines, or by training them. But if the soil be light and dry this will not be necessary especially for a general crop. In garden culture, if it be thought best to train the vines, a simple way is to set poles twelve feet apart, the tops five feet high. Attach wires horizontally to them, which will form a cheap trellis for the vines, thus exposing them to the free action of the sun and air. The flavor of the fruit thus grown will be finer than that ripened on the ground.

RECEIPTS.

SAUCE FOR FISH.—The yelks of three eggs, one-tablespoonful of vinegar, half a pound of fresh butter, and a little salt; to be stirred over a slow fire till it gets thick. It must only be warm, or it will curdle and spoil.

RAGOUT OF LAMB.—Cut the knuckle-bone of a fore-quarter of lamb, and lard it with thin small pieces of bacon. Flour it well, and then place it in a stewpan, with a quart of good gravy or stock, a bundle of herbs, a little mace, two or three cloves, and some pepper. Cover it down, and let it stew for half an hour rather quickly. Pour off all the liquor, strain it, and keep the lamb hot while the following sauce is prepared: Half a pint of oysters floured and fried brown, the fat that they have been fried in being drained off clear; add all the fat skimmed from the gravy. Pour this to the oysters again, also an anchovy and two spoonfuls of wine. Boil all together until it is reduced to a sufficient quantity for sauce, adding some fresh mushrooms and some pickled ones, and the juice of half a lemon, or a spoonful of pickle. Place the lamb in a dish, and pour this sauce over it, garnishing it with lemon.

There are various ways of keeping eggs: these are good:

GREASED EGGS.—Warm some fat of almost any kind; put the eggs inn; cover them quite; take them out and lay them in an old tin or earthern vessel; paste them up, or better, cement with tin, and they will be found good all winter. Some use gum water.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 107 letters.

My 88, 75, 39, 80, 40, 104, 23, is a musician and poet.

My 1, 106, 72, 13, 19, 11, 42, 92, 83, 42, 8, 79, 49, 4, 70, 86, 12, 66, is the latest novelty in our city.

My 24, 15, 88, 19, 68, 77, 91, 58, 105, 74, 45, 38, is a famous general of modern times.

My 55, 11, 61, 91, 18, 84, 77, 87, 26, is a close conversation.

My 1, 97, 41, 39, 56, 83, 79, 6, 62, 75, 25, is one of the Muses.

My 7, 54, 72, 5, 64, 21, 36, 91, 70, 44, 53, 37, is the time we long for.

My 95, 100, 13, 98, 65, 93, 59, 8, 19, 35, 85, 18, 30, is a mistake often made.

My 99, 8, 102, 50, is a preposition.

My 22, 69, 27, 106, 94, 60, 8, 101, is a fate.

My 92, 26, 66, 103, 71, 27, 76, 43, 57, 34, is a celebrated reformer.

My 78, 34, 10, 75, 3, 92, 31, 36, 46, is a constellation.

My 17, 100, 93, 90, 77, 25, 60, 2, is a narcotic.

My 29, 8, 36, 85, 9, 20, 68, 28, 103, 107, 74, 63, is a faithful friend.

My 36, 33, 14, 16, 70, 29, 81, 3, 75, 92, 67, is a celebrated council.

My 73, 8, 27, 89, 51, 15, 33, 44, 41, 30, 105, 8, 86, 100, is the title of a queen.

My 20, 32, 47, 82, 103, 48, 95, 88, 81, 12, 96, 25, is a festival of the Druids, also of modern times.

My whole is a familiar quotation.

NEW YORK.

Riddle.

My 1st is in oak, but not in ash.
My 2d is in bond, but not in cash.
My 3d is in eel, but not in fish.
My 4th is in want, but not in wish.
My 5th is in wrong, but not in right.
My 6th is in day, but not in night.
My 7th is in cheap, but not in dear.
My 8th is in by, but not in near.
My 9th is in sing, but not in tune.
My 10th is in sun, but not in moon.
My 11th is in work, but not in play.
My 12th is in go, but not in stay.
My 13th is in rise, but not in fall.
My 14th is in bat, but not in ball.
My 15th is in hat, but not in cap.
My 16th is in chart, but not in map.
My 17th is in war, but not in peace.
My 18th is in stop, but not in cease.
My 19th is in this, but not in that.
My 20th is in owl, but not in bat.
My 21st is in calm, but not in storm.
My 22d is in cold, but not in warm.
My 23d is in rye, but not in wheat.
My 24th is in sour, but not in sweet.
My 25th is in hope, but not in fear.
My 26th is in wine, but not in beer.
My 27th is in brass, but not in lead.
My whole is what "Poor Richard" said.

FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

Problem.

In a rectangular field A B C D, the length A D is 216 rods, and the width A B 125 rods. It is required to determine the length of the shortest line that can be drawn through the angle C, and intersect the sides A B and A D produced. E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Parallelogram Question.

A certain parallelogram tract of land was in length to its breadth as 77 is to 51, and the number of acres in its area were in proportion to the number of perches in its breadth as 77 is to 32. What is the value of said tract at $40 per acre? DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When does a tailor serve his customers ill? Ans.—When he "gives them fits."

☞ Which letter is the choice of old ladies? Ans.—T (Tea.)

☞ Which letter do naturalists admire? Ans.—The B (the Bee.)

☞ Which letter takes up more than half the world? Ans.—The C (Sea.)

☞ Why is a hall-door porter the greatest rascal in the universe? Ans.—Because he is continually taking people in.

☞ What is the best way to find happiness? Look in the dictionary.

☞ When is a conundrum dangerous? Ans.—When it is given up by a physician.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—
It is the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

RIDDLE.—Eighteen hundred and seventy.

Answer to Will's PROBLEM of Feb. 5th.—2, 6, 10, 14, are the numbers. Will, E. P. Norton, H. R. Spinx.

Answers to Jonathan Berry's PROBLEM of March 19th.—A rides 34 6-41 miles, and walks 5 35-41 miles. B walks 13 27-41 miles and rides 26 14-41 miles. C goes back 20 20-41 miles for B, and travels altogether 80 40-44 miles. A. Rittenhouse, Prin. of Reid. Ins. A rode 24 miles, B 12 miles, C 6 miles, E 90. Geo. A travels 5 35-41 miles alone, B 13 27-41, and C 20 30-41. E. P. Norton, T. Harman, J. M. Chitt.

Answer to X's PROBLEM of March 19th.—A 63, B 77, C 97, D 39½ years. X, E. P. Norton, Henry Rogers, J. M. Chitt, A. Rittenhouse, E. D. and J. C. Root.

EGGS IN LIME.—Pour 2 gallons hot water over one pint lime and ½ pint salt; when cold put some eggs in a jar, and pour it over them; be sure there are no cracked ones. —R. H.

YELLOW-OCHRE WASH.—Dissolve a pound of glue in hot water, and stir into it three pounds of yellow ochre, and one of whiting; mix it well, and thin it with water or skim milk. It is a suitable wash for a common room or kitchen.

Lamp-black mixed with molasses, and put it in whitewash, makes a good color for a kitchen.

CLEANING COAT COLLARS.—Coat collars become soiled by coming in contact with the hair, which is naturally oily, or is by some made so artificially. This slight greasiness upon the collar gathers fine dust, and the two together form a mixture disagreeable to look upon and difficult to remove—especially if allowed to accumulate and harden. It is best to clean the collar frequently. Very strong alcohol or benzine or ammonia may be used. In either case do not work near a lamp, for fear of accidents.